POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF Monsieur *BOILEAU.*

VIZ.

I. A SATIRE upon EQUIVOCATION, against the *Jesuits.*

II. Seventeen *New* EPIGRAMS.

III. The HEROES of *Romances.* A Dialogue after the Manner of LUCIAN.

IV. A Discourse upon the *Style* of *Inscriptions.*

V. LETTERS to M. RACINE, M. LE VERRIER, *&c.*

VI. Three NEW Reflections upon LONGINUS.

VII. A Critical Dispute between Monsieur BOILEAU, M. HUET Bishop of *Avranches*, and M. LE CLERC; concerning the SUBLIMITY of this Passage in *Genesis*; *And God said, Let there be Light: and there was Light.* Chap. I. Ver. 3.

VIII. M. LE VERRIER's Speech to the *French Academy*, upon the Death of M. BOILEAU.

Made *English* by Several Hands.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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TO THE

Right Honourable

CHARLES

LORD

HALIFAX.

THESE

Posthumous WORKS

OF

Monsieur *BOILEAU*

Are most Humbly

DEDICATED.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THE Public having ſome-time ſince receiv'd, the Two former Volumes of Monſieur BOILEAU's Works, and by their Approbation of them given ſufficient Encouragement for us to proceed, we thought we could not do better than to tranſlate thoſe Pieces, which appear in the New Paris Edition, except the Satire upon EQUIVOCATION, which the French King would not ſuffer to be inſerted.

As every, even the minuteſt Piece of this Poet is valuable, ſo they very well deſerve to be recommended to Men of Taſte and Letters, who have any Inclination

tion to ſee thoſe Beauties in Engliſh, *which have been ſo much admir'd in* French.

To ſpeak in order of the Parts which compoſe this Volume. The Satire upon EQUIVOCATION, *is writ with as much Spirit as any of his Youthful Pieces, and provok'd a conſiderable Party of his own Religion; and tho' he has given as little Quarter to the* Reformers, *yet the jealous Temper of the* Romaniſts *would not allow a Work, wherein their Enemies and themſelves are promiſcuouſly condemn'd, to appear under M.* BOILEAU's *Name. It cannot be expected, that a* Satire, *which runs ſo much upon Argument, ſhould be ſo generally pleaſing, as thoſe which turn upon the common Vices of Mankind, and are pointed with Perſonal Reflection.*

There are ſome Epigrams, Letters, *&c. which have the agreeable Turn peculiar to this* Author, *and ſerve to lead the Reader into ſome part of the Hiſtory of his Writings.* *But*

But the most considerable Part (and which never appear'd complete before) is, The Dialogue, after the Manner of LUCIAN; *this Piece was compos'd in our Author's younger Years, and is full of Spirit and Vivacity, the Satire just and strong, and the Raillery Delicate and Artful. There is nothing that ever appear'd in Imitation of* LUCIAN, *that comes so near that excellent Original; and as it lay by the Author a considerable time, no doubt he took frequent Opportunities of reviewing and improving its Beauties, so that we may reckon it one of his most finish'd Pieces.*

The Remainder, consists of a Critical Dispute between our Author, M. HUET *Bishop of* Avranches, *and M.* LE CLERC, *occasion'd by this Passage in* Genesis, And God said, Let there be Light: and there was Light; *Chap.* 1. *Ver.* 3. *It is easy to see where the Advantage in the Controversy lies, and how far superior the Poetical Critic is, either*

to

to the Divine, or Philologiſt; they have indeed fell off from their Purpoſe, and granted all that M. Boileau *contended for, the* Sublime ot the Idea, *and yet go on to abuſe him, as if he could not diſtinguiſh between the* Thought *and the* Phraſe. *But the* Paris *Anſwerer is more abſurd than the reſt, and after he has heap'd abundance of Perſonal Reflections on our Author, will not allow him the Name of a* Poet. *Such an Adverſary is not worth contending with, and he expoſes his own Judgment, much more than he can prejudice the Character of* M. Boileau, *who will ever be reckon'd the Beſt of Modern Poets at leaſt, if not ſuperior to moſt Ancients, who wrote in the ſame way.*

THE

The Speech of M. De Valincour, Secretary of the Closet to the King, and Chancellor of the Academy, at the Reception of M. l'Abbe d' Estrees: Upon the Death of M. Boileau.

SIR,

YOUR Unanimity in your Behalf sufficiently shows how ardently we desir'd your Company, and with what Pleasure the *French* Academy, now a second time enrolls amongst her Sons a Name, which has for so many Years already redounded to her Honour.

What Countries! What Seas! What Wars! What Negotiations! or to speak of what more particularly refers to our selves, what Academies might we not call to witness to illustrate the Glories of this Immortal Name! What a Love of Learning have all that have born it testify'd! What shining Actions have they perform'd! What Services have they done the Public!

Where ſhall we find a more proper Example to confute the ignorant Barbarity of thoſe who deſpiſe Learning as unworthy of great Men, and the well bred Indolence of others, who ſeek it but as an Amuſement, or for a vain Reputation.

Were *Alexander* and *Cæſar* ever the leſs Heroes for their Love of Letters? Or were *Cicero*, *Xenophon*, and ſo many others, who cultivated them with the greateſt Diligence, ever the leſs learned for having ſerv'd their Country ſo ſtrenuouſly both in Peace and War?

But, *Sir*, not to range for Examples out of your own Family, did we not ſee your *Father*, even from his Youth, join a thorough Knowledge in the beſt of Books, to his glorious Functions in the moſt troubleſome Offices, and beſtowing on them his ſofteſt Moments of Retirement, in an old Age, that had eſcap'd ſo many Battles which he had render'd terrible to our Enemies? I my ſelf have ſeen (and ſince the Honour of Learning is the preſent Queſtion, be it excus'd, if one of this Academy quotes himſelf) that Brother, who is ſo dear to you, ſweetning the Fatigue of a long Sea-Voyage, ſometimes with the Poet, whom *Scipio* call'd his Friend, ſometimes with him who was the Delight of *Auguſtus*. I have ſeen him ſpend his leiſure Hours in ranſacking Hiſtory, not for that barren, unprofitable Knowledge, which makes a Man barely learned, but for that which is practical, and

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makes a Stateſman and a General. I have ſeen him the Evening before a Battle, ſtudy calmly the Conduct and Valour of antient Heroes, in both which the following Day he outdid them.

'Tis thus, *Sir*, that great Men do honour to Learning by honouring themſelves.

And what an Honour did not the great *Cardinal* our Dean do to the Republic of Letters? when joining to a ſuperior Genius, all the Improvements which are acquir'd in the Purſuit of the Muſes, his ſole Word ſway'd all the Courts of *Europe*. A Maſter in the Art of Perſwaſion, in which he might have given Leſſons to *Ariſtotle* himſelf, and exceeded *Demoſthenes*, he fix'd our wavering Allies, broke the Leagues of our Enemies, and over-came by the ſole Force of Reaſon, thoſe who might have reſiſted the ſtrongeſt Armies.

Which of us that beholds him happy in the Enjoyment of that Eaſe which ſucceſsful Induſtry has procur'd him, does not think he ſees *Homer*'s *Neſtor*, who by the Charms of his Eloquence, and Wiſdom of his Councils, ſo long moderated the Paſſions of Nations, and their Princes, and had been the Friend and Companion of the Heroes of three Ages? And in what Age? What time does not this illuſtrious Cardinal ſeem to have liv'd? What great Man of Antiquity, would one not think he had ſpent his Life with? To ſpeak only of his Learning, the *Greeks*, the

Latins, their *Philoſophers*, their *Poets*, their *Hiſtorians*, all are at his Command. So far has he enter'd into them, that they ſeem to have wrote only for him, and when we ſee them revive in his Mouth, 'tis always with new Graces which he diſcover'd firſt in them, and which may be ſaid to owe their Being to him.

Since he can be no more preſent at our Performances, you, *Sir*, muſt ſupply his Place, as well as that of the excellent Perſon whom you ſucceed.

The Service of the King may perhaps again call you back to thoſe Employments, in which you have already ſignaliz'd your ſelf by your Zeal and Capacity. But even there the Muſes, whom you ſo highly love, and by whom you are ſo highly belov'd, plead a Right to demand of you every Moment which you can call your own.

Make us Partakers of your natural Riches, and thoſe you have acquir'd in foreign Countries. Show us in what the *French* Tongue is to be compar'd or preferr'd to thoſe many Languages you are Maſter of. Let the Academy in ſeeing you, think ſhe ſees her illuſtrious Dean, whoſe Welfare is ſo dear to her, and let her not miſs her glorious Son deceas'd, whoſe Memory ſhe will for ever preſerve.

Alas! how ſhould ſhe forget a Man, whom the World will never forget, as long as there are Vices to be laſh'd, or Virtues to be prais'd.

I am not here at all apprehenſive, *Gentlemen*, that my Friendſhip with M. *Deſpreaux* ſhould make me ſuſpected in ſpeaking of him. That Friendſhip is more likely to choak me with unſeaſonable Tears, than to make me launch out extravagantly in his Commendation. From my Childhood, I had for Friends, for intimate Friends,* two of the greateſt Perſons that ever honour'd your Society; and both thoſe Friends have I loſt within a few Years. Your Votes advanc'd me into the Place of the firſt, which I wiſh I had never ſeen vacant. By what Fatality is it then decreed, that I ſhould be appointed to receive in your Names the Succeſſor of the Second, and that at a time when my Grief requir'd nothing but Silence and Solitude to weep over the Death of Two ſuch deſerving Friends, I ſhould be oblig'd to appear before you, to ſpeak their Praiſe in public.

But what Encomiums can I make here on M. *Deſpreaux*, which you have not already anticipated? I can only confirm the Judgment, which you your ſelves ſo often paſs'd of him. I can only confirm that of the whole World, who make his Verſes their Admiration. They repeat 'em, they tranſlate 'em into their ſeveral Languages, they learn ours to be the better able to judge of them, and

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* *M.* Racine, *who died in the Year* 1699. *and M.* Deſpreaux *in* 1713.

to reliſh their Beauties. This univerſal Approbation is the greateſt Praiſe Men can give an Author, and at the ſame time, the moſt certain Mark of their intrinſic Value.

By what lucky Secret may this Approbation ſo generally ſought after, and ſo rarely obtain'd, be acquir'd? M. *Deſpreaux* himſelf has taught us, 'tis by *the Love of Truth.*

And indeed 'tis in Truth alone that all Mankind agree. They differ in their Manners, their Prejudices, their Ways of thinking, writing, and Judgment of Writing; but as ſoon as Truth appears plainly before them, it always carries their Conſent and Admiration.

As Truth is no where found but in Nature, or to ſpeak more properly, ſince Truth is nothing elſe but Nature it ſelf, M. *Deſpreaux* made Nature his chief Study. He drew from her inmoſt Receſſes thoſe Graces which ſhe alone can give, which Art always employs with ſucceſs, but can never counterfeit. He had conſider'd at leiſure thoſe Beauties and Perfections, which are no where to be found but in her, and which ſhe diſcloſes to none but her Favourites. He admir'd her moſt in the Writings of *Homer*, where ſhe appears in her genuine Simplicity, and as it were with all the Innocence of the firſt Ages, and where ſhe is ſo much more beautiful by her affecting not to appear ſo.

It is not here to the Purpoſe, to renew the famous War concerning the Antients and Moderns, in which M. *Deſpreaux* fought with

ſo

ſo great Succeſs in the Defence of that immortal Poet.

'Tis to be hop'd, that thoſe who gain'd a falſe Glory, by reſiſting the Home-ſtrokes of our Champion for *Homer*, will think it honourable to yield to the Beauties of a † late Tranſlation, which by making *Homer* known, even to thoſe who do not underſtand his Language, adds more to his Honour than any thing that can be wrote in his Defence; a Maſter-piece worthy the Sanctuary of the Muſes, and approv'd of by all that ſit in it.

But 'tis in vain for an Author to lay down Truth for his firſt Principle, unleſs Reaſon be his Guide, without which he is always apt to loſe himſelf. M. *Deſpreaux* never loſt ſight of her; and when, to vindicate her from the cruel Abuſes ſhe had met with in bad Writings, he took to compoſing *Satyres*, ſhe taught him to ſhun the Exceſs of thoſe who had wrote in that way before him.

Juvenal, and (to ſpeak the Truth) ſometimes *Horace* himſelf attack'd the Vices of their Times in Terms that make Virtue bluſh. *Regnier*, perhaps in that alone, a faithful Follower of thoſe dangerous Maſters, ow'd great part of his Reputation to that licentious way of writing. So that it ſeem'd as if Satyre could not ſubſiſt without Obſcenity. A Notion as ſtrange as that Love ought to be the

† *Mad.* Daciers.

Foundation, nay the very Soul of the *Drama*.

M. *Deſpreaux* had the Judgment to deſpiſe thoſe bad Examples, even in the Writings, which in all other Parts he ſo much admir'd.

He was the firſt who ſhow'd Mankind a chaſt and modeſt Satyre. He adorn'd her with thoſe ſevere Graces only, which belong to Virtue; and carefully labouring to make his Life as unblameable as his Writings; he ſhow'd us that the Love of Truth guided by Reaſon does not only make an excellent Poet, but a good Man.

Being incapable of Diſguiſe in his Manners, as well as of Affectation in his Writings, he always appear'd what he was. Chuſing rather, as he us'd to ſay himſelf, to have his real Faults known, than to cloak 'em with falſe Virtues. Every Thing that ſhock'd Reaſon or Truth, put him out of all Temper, which in that Caſe he could not keep; and 'tis to this perhaps we owe ſome of his moſt ingenious Compoſitions. But in attacking the Writer, he always ſpar'd the Man.

He thought it the Privilege of all, who could write and ſpeak, to cenſure openly an inſipid Book, which the Author had the Boldneſs to publiſh. But at the ſame time look'd with Horror on thoſe common Enemies of Mankind, who without reſpect to Friendſhip, or Truth it ſelf, tear to pieces their Antagoniſts Characters; and who, from the

the Depth of their Obſcurity, which ſcreens them from the Law, take a cruel Delight in publiſhing the moſt ſecret Faults, and in blackning the moſt innocent Actions.

Theſe Notions of Honeſty and Humanity were not in M. *Deſpreaux* Virtues purely civil; but proceeded from another Principle, a ſincere Love of Religion, which appear'd in all his Words and Actions; but ſhow'd it ſelf more highly, as it does in all Men, in Caſes which ſuited with his Genius and Humour.

This it was that provok'd him ſo violently againſt that ſort of Poetry, which ſeem'd to him particularly to ſhock Religion.

What, would he ſay to his Friends, ſhall thoſe Notions, which would be abhorr'd in common Language, appear with Impunity when they are put in Verſe? Do they not, by the Aſſiſtance of Muſick, climb the Stage, and there ſpeak louder than the Laws! Is it not enough to repreſent Examples that encourage Sin, and were abominated by the very Pagans; but they muſt be prais'd, and laid down as Patterns for us to go by! ſo that far from making our publick Diverſions inſtructive, we make them criminal! Thus he would talk, and wiſh he had wrote all his Satyres on this Subject. Happy Man! that could with the ſame Hand ſtamp vicious Writings with a Brand of eternal Infamy, and at the ſame time give Virtue in the Perſon of our celebrated Monarch, Encomiums which will laſt for ever.

Praiſe

Praiſe in their Life-time is the neceſſary Attendant of Princes; but neither Flattery, Gratitude, or Truth it ſelf, can make that Praiſe laſting.

Thoſe Works only that are ſure of being immortal, can paſs down to Poſterity, and intereſt after Ages in the behalf of a Prince, from whom they have nothing to hope or fear.

This the greateſt Kings may reckon among the Felicities of their Reigns; and to be better Judges of this, let us remember, that the time will come, when we ſhall be look'd upon from the ſame Point of Diſtance, as we now look upon the Age of *Auguſtus*.

'Tis not to inſipid Panegyrick, or indifferent Verſes, that that Prince owes the glorious Ideas we conceive of him.

Time which has done Juſtice to thoſe vulgar Performances, has not ſpar'd thoſe Monuments which merited better its Mercy. We ſearch among their Ruins for the Temples and triumphal Arches, built to the Honour of *Auguſtus*. And in vain do a few Virtuoſo's trace out ſome Lines of his Face, in the dear-bought Ruſt of Medals.

But when we conſider him, as he is painted by *Virgil* and *Horace*, himſelf alone ſuſtaining the Weight of the Affairs of the whole World, conquering his Enemies, and always Father of his Country; baniſhing Vice by the wholſomeſt Laws, enforcing Virtue by his own Example, yet more powerful than Laws.

Laws. When we ſee under him good Order eſtabliſh'd and maintain'd, his Country at Peace, in the midſt of the bloodieſt Wars, Juſtice triumphant, Violence diſarm'd, Luxury reſtrain'd, Learning in a flouriſhing Condition, Services rewarded bountifully, Offences puniſh'd mercifully, a People honouring the Nobles without fearing, Nobles preſiding o'er the People without Oppreſſion, and in a Word, a Prince great in his Rank, but greater in his Virtues, 'tis then we all break out in his Praiſe, we bleſs Heaven for giving Man ſo good a Maſter, and wiſh all Kings that ſucceed may be like him.

Such, no doubt, and much more glorious will the great *Lewis* appear in the Works of M. *Deſpreaux*, and thoſe of this illuſtrious Aſſembly.

May he ſtill, for many Years to come, ſtrike out new Matter of Admiration, for Subjects yet unborn.

May the Affliction that has lately with ſo much Severity tried his Courage be his laſt.

And may a long and happy Peace put it into his Power to beſtow on his People, that Bleſſing which is his chief Deſire, and which will conſummate all his Glory.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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* ADVERTISEMENT,

Concerning the Tenth Reflection upon LONGINUS.

THE *Friends of the late M.* Deſpreaux *can teſtify, that after the Letter which occaſions the Tenth Reflection came into his Hands, he was a long time before he reſolv'd upon anſwering it. He was loth to employ his Pen againſt a Biſhop, whoſe Perſon and Character he reſpected, tho' he found no great Weight in his Arguments. 'Twas not therefore till after he had ſeen the ſaid Letter publiſh'd by M.* Le Clerc, *that he comply'd with the Deſire of his Friends, and of ſeveral Perſons, as noted for their Quality as Religion, who preſs'd him to give in writing thoſe Arguments, which they had ſo often heard from him on that Subject, being offended that a Man of an indifferent Character for Religion, ſhould ſtrengthen himſelf with the Teſtimony of a learned Biſhop, in a Critic levell'd rather at* Moſes *than* Longinus. *At*

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* *Suppos'd to be written by the* Abbot Renaudot.

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At length M. Despreaux *consented, but at the same time declar'd that he would direct his Arguments against M.* Le Clerc, *and not the Bishop of* Avranches; *which Resolution he has preserv'd strictly in his Tenth Reflection.*

The Bishop was inform'd of this, and seem'd very well satisfy'd, as indeed he had reason to be.

After all this, since the Death of M. Despreaux, *this Letter came out in a Collection of several other Pieces, with a long Preface by M. the* Abbot *of* T——, *who collected and publish'd them, as he expresses himself in the Preface,* without the Permission of those to whom that Treasure belong'd. *We shall not enter into that Question, the Public already knows these sort of Tricks, and these Robberies from living Authors no longer deceive any one.*

Supposing therefore the Abbot de T—— *who writes the Preface to be the Author, let him not take it amiss, if we inform him he is out in several Facts, relating to M.* Despreaux, *whose Memory it's strange he should attack, having never receiv'd any thing but Civilities and Expressions of Friendship from him.*

M. Despreaux, *says he,* launch'd out against the Bishop of *Avranches,* with a great deal of Arrogance and Confidence. That Prelate thought himself oblig'd for his Justification to answer him, and to make it appear that his Remark was very just, whereas that of his Adversaries could not be defended. This Piece was address'd by the Author to the Duke *de Montauzier,* in the Year 1683. because it was

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at that Duke's Palace that he firſt heard of the Affront offer'd him by M. *Deſpreaux*, 'twas there likewiſe that it was read before a large Company, and as well as I remember the Laughers, to pleaſe whom the Author ſeems to have made his chief Buſineſs, were not much of his ſide. *We ſhan't diſpute the Letter's being addreſs'd to the late Duke of* Montauzier, *or that it was read as aforeſaid; but ſurely it muſt have been read very privately, ſince thoſe who were moſt intimate with the Duke, and were with him every Day, never heard him ſpeak a Word about it; and ſince we have never heard any thing of this, till twenty Years after, in M.* Le Clerc's Bibliotheque Choiſie. *'Tis yet moſt ſtrange, who thoſe* Laughers *ſhould be, who judg'd againſt M.* Deſpreaux *in ſo ſerious an Argument. If thereby is meant thoſe who eſpous'd the contrary Opinion, they were ſo few, that we can ſcarce name one of any Reputation for Wit or Learning at Court. Moſt People remember that the late Biſhop of* Meaux, *the late* Abbot *of St.* Luc, *M.* de Court, *M.* de Labroue, *at preſent Biſhop of* Mirepoix, *with ſeveral others, declar'd highly for M.* Deſpreaux, *as ſoon as the* Evangelical Demonſtration *appear'd. We know very well, and not by hear-ſay, that the Biſhop of* Meaux, *and the* Abbot *of St.* Luc, *proceeded farther upon that Head than M.* Deſpreaux *himſelf. And to mention Perſons as noted for their Wit as Birth; beſides the great Prince of* Conde, *and his two Nephews the Princes of* Conti, *we might eaſily*

easily name several others, who valu'd this Criticism of M. Despreaux, *as highly as his other Works. As for the Learned, they were so far from thinking his Criticism not tenable, that as yet no one serious Work appear'd against it, except this Letter publish'd without the Author's Consent with Additions by M.* Le Clerc. Grotius, *and all who have wrote the best on the* Truth of the Christian Religion, *together with the most learned* * *Commentators on the Books of* Moses, *and most who have translated or wrote Remarks on* Longinus, *have been of M.* Despreaux's *Opinion.* Tollius, *whom no one will tax of being too scrupulous, has confuted what the* Evangelical Demonstration *lays down for a Truth. And the* English *Nation in their last Edition of* Longinus, *have receiv'd this Note.*

The Public has been of this Opinion for many Years, and such an Authority as M. Le Clerc's, *is not likely to make them change it. When Men of his Character applaud us, we ought to remember the saying of* Phocion, *when he was prais'd by certain People,* Have I not said something amiss?

The solid Arguments of M. Despreaux *will satisfy the World, that tho' M.* Le Clerc *thinks himself so able in Criticism, as to give Rules for it, he has not been more happy in those he has made on* Longinus, *than in most of his others.*

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* *Messieurs* de Port Royal.

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'Tis the Reader who must judge of this Tenth Reflection of M. Despreaux, *who has this Advantage in his Favour, that he maintains the Opinion receiv'd for these many Ages by the Learned, without Dispute, till the Bishop of* Avranches *enter'd the Lists, whose Episcopal Character ought not here to defend him, since he was not invested with it at the time of his publishing this Criticism. Several other Prelates, to whom M.* Despreaux *imparted his Opinion, agreed with him, and prais'd him highly for maintaining the Honour and Dignity of the Holy Scripture against a Man, who without the Consent of the Bishop of* Avranches, *abus'd his Authority. In fine, as M.* Despreaux *was free to be of a contrary Opinion, 'tis not believ'd that this can injure his Memory, more than his being of a contrary Opinion concerning the Usefulness of Romances.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

POST

POSTHUMOUS
WORKS
OF
Monsieur *BOILEAU.*

A SATIRE against EQUIVOCATION and *Mental Reservation*, wherein the AUTHOR attacks the loose Principles of the *Jesuits*.

*EQUIVOCATION of Infernal Kind,
What Name, what Sex to curse Thee shall I find?
To fix thy Sex exceeds Grammatick Art,
Thou Fiend Hermaphrodite, Delusion's mart,
Nor *Succubus* nor *Incubus* thou art.

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* *The Four first Lines in the Original, depend purely on a Criticism upon the* French *Word* Equivoque, *that is of a dubious Gender, which not being capable of a Translation, the Sense is here somewhat alter'd.*

Speak, (if thou canſt) what art, without Deceit?
Anſwer'ſt thou not! Be gone notorious Cheat.
Thou who by ſhifts think'ſt perjur'd Souls t'evade,
Thou plague of Writers, and of Readers dread;
Thou, who by huddling of my Words would'ſt drown
My labour'd Periods, and my Senſe confound.
No more torment me, fly to thoſe who praiſe
Conundrum-ſtrains, *Equivocating* Lays;
Thou know'ſt none ever in my Lines could ſee
Thoſe falſe, thoſe twinkling Turns, that flow from (thee.
Fly then, be gone—but hold—nay rather ſtay,
I hear my Genius call, and muſt obey,
My Genius bids me take thy Crimes in hand,
And fix on Thee and thine a laſting brand,
Bids me join this (to make my Labours even)
This laſt, this uſeful *Satire* to my firſt † Eleven.
The Demon rouzes me, I burn, I rage,
Come on then, let us ſee if, ſpight of Age,
Of cold Old Age, my Muſe has left at length,
Some little Remnants of her former Strength.

† *Monſieur* Boileau *had before this, wrote Eleven Satires.*

But

But whither, say you, does this Frenzy tend?
Where will this vain, fantastic Project end?
Were it not better in a merry Vein
To show how Sense *Equivocations* strain,
Than in an angry Mood and sullen Guise
Enter the Lists, dispute, and criticize?
Like BENSERADE it seems then I should write!
Who dress'd Thee in thy falsest fairest Light,
In thy behalf to Court and City writ,
And made thy wretched Quibbles pass for Wit:
But Heaven and Sense be prais'd, those Times are o'er,
The Public undeceiv'd, admire no more.
Those very Jests, which once such Laughter rais'd,
Which once the Fair one, and the Statesman prais'd,
Now Men of Sense, the quibbling Stile neglect,
And none but formal Pedants still affect.
Ev'n witty VOITURE wants his usual Praise,
When at the poor low Game of Words he plays.
We see the charming Author with concern
Dwell on a Clinch, and taken with a Turn:
We're vex'd that who so long, so well has wrote,
Snaps at an Ambiguity of Thought:

We're vex'd to ſee him ſhift about, and Pride
In Proverbs with a double Senſe applied.

But to paſs o'er the *Faults* Thy Folly cauſe
In Works ſo juſtly meriting Applauſe,
To ſpeak thoſe Ills which in the World commenc'd
From Thee the ſource of Sin, perverted Senſe:

Time yet was Young, th'Almighty at a Birth
Spoke out the Heavens, Seas, Air, and Air-hung Earth
Scarce were they form'd, when Thou, pernicious cheat,
With ſoothing Words, thy Weapons of Deceit,
The Father of Mankind didſt draw away
From his Allegiance, to become thy Prey.
This Apple, ſaidſt thou, with an artful gloze,
This Apple on the Tree of Knowledge grows,
Knowledge will ſave thee from th'Almighty's Rod,
Pluck then, and Eat, and eating grow a *God*.
He pluck'd, and all his Knowledge's Encreaſe,
Was that he knew h'had damn'd his wretched Race;
Was that he knew his Nakedneſs was ſhame,
And that himſelf (his Vanity to blame)

Was

Was nothing but a walking Paſte of Clay,
Whom Thirſt and Hunger made at Will their Prey;
One who from hardſhip muſt to hardſhip fly,
At laſt in Agonies lie down and Die.

The Fall of Man, thou Fiend beneath a Maſk,
That, that, was thy Initiatory Taſk;
The Fall of Man, and tho' ſo low he fell,
Yet thou could'ſt make his Giant off-ſpring ſwell.
With ſuch a groundleſs impious Pride, that God
Call'd forth the Waters, ſent the Waves abroad,
Let all the Legions of the Ocean in,
And ſwept away the Sinners, not the Sin.
For e'er he op'd the Flood-gates of the Skies
A Son of NOAH fatally unwiſe,
Couch'd like a Serpent ſav'd thee in the Ark,
There when thou long hadſt plotted in the Dark,
With treaſur'd Rage thou cam'ſt abroad, to blind,
To lead aſtray the Remnant of Mankind.
Mankind ſcarce yet recover'd of their Fear
Lent to thy Lies an unſuſpecting Ear,

Plung'd on in Darkneſs, Ignorance and Guilt,
Even to forget the God ſo lately felt.
And then a ſtupid Ignorance around
Prevail'd, nor knew Impiety a Bound:
A Thouſand Notions Superſtition ſpread,
Idolatry uprear'd her gawdy Head,
Illuſion wove her Fables Truth to drown,
The Age was willing to believe, and all went down.
Strait Mechaniſm prepar'd the ſacred Mold
To pour out Gods of Silver, Braſs, and Gold.
Even the Mechanick's ſelf fell lowly down,
Fancied his Golden Godſhip ſeem'd to frown,
Low at the Metal's Feet his Tool ador'd,
For Health, and Wealth his Workmanſhip implor'd;
A Thouſand Gods a Thouſand Sects embrac'd,
Nay, more the Nations who the *Nile* poſſeſs'd,
To Birds, Snakes, Fiſhes offer'd Sacrifice,
To Crocodiles, to Dogs, Cats, Rats and Mice;
Low-kneeling beg'd the Leek's and Garlick's aid,
Madmen! To think their Fates and Fortunes laid,
In Gods the Dunghil, or the Garden made.

And

And now on every ſide by Old and Young
Thy thouſand fabled Miracles were ſung,
'Twas thou, *Equivocation*; gav'ſt falſe Oracles a (Tongue.
With double Senſe from thee they prophecy'd,
At once they ſpoke the Truth, at once they ly'd,
The God-head ſeem'd t'have learnt the * *Lawyers*
Took Gifts from all, in puzzling Anſwers paid. (*Trade*,

Thus Man by Thee inſenſibly convey'd,
Still farther err'd, in Darkneſs farther ſtray'd,
Still to deceive him more, thy Artifice
Made every Virtue take the turn of Vice,
And every Vice by Thee like Virtue ſhone
In borrow'd Rays, and Beauties not its own.
Then ſtraightway Meekneſs a mean Spirit ſhew'd;
And the Plain-dealer was ill-bred and rude:
But blind Ambition lawleſs Thirſt of Fame,
Was in a generous Soul a noble Flame,

---

* Reponſes Normandes *in the Original. The People of* Normandy *are noted for* Equivocating, *and never giving a direct Anſwer to a Queſtion.*

Courage the Name of Impudence o'ercaſt;
And ſhameleſs Knavery for Prudence paſt.
Boldneſs alone was every where eſteem'd;
And thoſe and only thoſe true Heroes deem'd,
Who ſpread o'er neighb'ring Realms their forceful Bands,
And wreſted Scepters from the rightful Hands;
Then if a Tyrant broke his ſolemn League,
'Twas Politicks forſooth! And State Intrigue!
Theſe Wretches, theſe the Name of Hero bore,
And Scepter'd Robbers that of Conqueror.

But where thy Malice ſhew'd its utmoſt Force
Was in arreſting Juſtice in her Courſe,
There with Punctilio's in the plaineſt Laws,
With doubling Quirks thou clog'ſt the cleareſt Cauſe,
The ſageſt Judges ſtand amaz'd to find
For every Word a *various* Senſe aſſign'd;
The more they ſearch, the more they are perplext,
The Comment often burying the Text.
Hence daily, Thanks to Eloquence and Thee,
Right goes for Wrong, for Falſhood Truth we ſee,

For

For Eloquence her tinſel'd Trappings lent,
To deck thy every childiſh Argument.
And thus by thee from his firſt Grandeur toſt
Man, in a Word, all light of Reaſon loſt,
Yet thought he all things ſaw, truſting himſelf and (thee,
Knew nothing, nothing ſaw, nor poſſibly could ſee.
Yet there preſerv'd by Influence Divine
Reaſon in *Jewry* ſtill was ſeen to ſhine;
In vain 'twas ſought, 'twas hunted for abroad,
For what is Human Wiſdom without *God*?
Ev'n SOCRATES of ancient *Greece*, the Pride!
What was his Excellence if cloſely tried?
Was he not one by ſinful Nature led?
And, ſpite of all the Noiſe his Virtue made,
I doubt for ALCIBIADES his Flame
Bore but *Equivocally* Friendſhip's Name.
Yes, againſt Thee and thine I boldly ſay,
That when the *Pagan* World confeſs'd thy ſway,
When Human Reaſon was their only Light,
Nor knew they Truth, nor could diſtinguiſh Right;
And when a haughty Sage his Fame alone purſued,
'Twas often doing Ill, his very doing Good.

At

At length to guide us in this puzling Way,
From out the Regions of Eternal Day,
To overcome theſe Blinds, to clear our Eyes,
God came himſelf in Human Fleſh diſguis'd;
At his approach the babling Dæmons fled,
Stood the falſe *Tripos* ſilent as the Dead;
All Things beſpoke the Preſent Deity,
The Lame were taught to run, the Blind to ſee;
All Things obey'd; Thou only didſt oppoſe,
The very Nation which his Father choſe:
Didſt Arm againſt him, didſt inſpire the Breaſts
Of Tetrarchs, Pontiffs, Phariſees, and Prieſts.
'Twas then thy various Sects were ſeen to riſe,
Taxing the very *God* of *Truth* with Lies,
The King of Heaven in ſervile Links they chain'd,
The *Author* of all *Life* to *Death* condemn'd.
But here thy Malice did it ſelf o'erthrow,
Here, here thy Boldneſs gave it ſelf the Blow;
Soon Crown'd with Glory from the Realms of Night
The God aroſe array'd in folds of Light.

Nor

Nor longer did his Doctrines lie conceal'd
But o'er the *Ganges*, *Seine*, and *Nile* prevail'd.

Thy ſpurious *Gods* no more were Idoliz'd,
But from their Altars tumbled, lay deſpis'd,
Their ſhameful Images at random thrown,
Were for the baſeſt Uſes melted down:
Jove to ſome Piece of Houſhold-ſtuff was turn'd
And all in vain his Degradation mourn'd.

Thou weather'dſt even this Storm but couldſt not hope
Againſt the Truth with *Paganiſm* to cope;
That given up, didſt trump up ſubtler Cheats,
And ſtock thy ſelf from Hell with new Deceits.

To ſecond thy Deſigns, and aid their Ends,
Thy Daughter Hereſie the *Devil* ſends,
Taught in thy School of Falſhood from her Youth,
The Monſter ſhow'd her Progreſs in Untruth,
Untruth which ſhe with ſo much niceneſs cooks,
Her Eyes ſo Saintly, ſo demure her Looks,

The

The World enchanted on her Accents hung,
And all would taſte the Venom of her Tongue.
The Church it ſelf, but hardly kept the Field,
To ARIUS twice almoſt oblig'd to yield.
Twice did ſhe ſee the Chriſtian Truths at ſtake,
And twice her God's Divinity attack:
When as amongſt her Sons, ſuch dreadful Jars
† One Syllable could cauſe, ſuch murd'rous Wars,
When as one great, one ſacred Word profan'd
With Chriſtian Blood a thouſand Rivers ſtain'd.
Mean while the truly Faithful and the Good
Amidſt ſo many Schiſms bewilder'd ſtood;
O'er Truth, Deceit and Hereſie conceal'd
In a blind Council more than once prevail'd.

But wherefore run I backward into Time
For ARIUS, PELAGIUS, VALENTINE,
Thoſe Souls of Diſcord, whom in former Days
Th'Almighty Wiſdom ſuffer'd Hell to raiſe,

† *I ſuppoſe M.* Boileau *has in View the Diſtinction between* ὁμοιωσιϑ and ὁμοούσιϑ, *the* Arians *pretending that* Chriſt *was of a* Like *Nature with his Father, and the Orthodox affirming that He was of the* Same *Nature with him.*

That

That by their weak Attempts they might confirm
That very Church they ſtrove in vain to ſtorm;
Leave we the Wretches to their heavy Fate,
To ſing thoſe ſhapeleſs Schiſms, with which of late
Thy Daughter wild Fanaticiſm embroils the State.
LUTHER and CALVIN, an egregious Pair!
Self-call'd Reformers of the Church appear,
Making the chaſteſt ſacred Vows a Jeſt,
Diſſolve the Yoak of Continence in Prieſts;
Pleas'd with the Turn, delighted with the Change,
The wearied Monk at Liberty could range.
No viſible Authority remain'd,
But each Man for himſelf the Faith explain'd,
Bible in Hand deſpiſing ſacred *Rome*,
Popes to themſelves the *Proteſtants* become.
Strait-way from this Erroneous Doctrine ſprung
More Schiſms than Heav'n with ſtarry Fires is hung,
More Schiſms than Spring ſees Flowers in her Fields,
Nay more than *Paris* ſenſleſs Sonnets yields:

Which

Which tho' we hear decry'd by all the Town
* The *Mercury Galant* with Pride ſets down.
The madding *Anabaptiſts* now ariſe,
Deiſts profane, and *Puritans* preciſe.
All differ'd, none from *Rome* would ſeek relief,
Each *Artiſan* cut out his own belief.
Pitch'd in the Center of the wrangling Rout,
Diſcord, triumphant hung her Banners out,
Thy Daughter ſtill where-ever Reaſon fail'd
With Plunder, Burnings, and the Sword prevail'd,
Full many a Country, many a waſted Town
Their Churches mourn'd with baleful Weeds o'er-(grown.
Europe did one wide Scene of Blood appear,
And all was Horror, Diſſonance, and Fear.
The Church-man too all blind with Zeal forgot
The Dove-like Meekneſs by his Saviour taught,
Thought when he puniſh'd th' Enemies of Heav'n
The breach of heav'nly Laws would be forgiv'n.

---

* *The late Monſieur* Viſé *us'd to fill his* Mercure Galant *with ſuch paltry Trifles, that it made his Paper be entirely deſpis'd by all Men of Senſe.*

The Signal's giv'n for Death, with Arms in hand
Ten thouſand Zealots, a tremendous Band,
O'er Cities, Countries, ſpread their waſteful Rage,
Nor Friends, nor Brethren ſpare, nor Infancy nor Age;
With Joy they pierce each unbelieving Breaſt,
With Heretick Blood, their Catholick Faulchions (feaſt,
For, nor the Tyger's Rage, nor Hearts of Steel
Can equal Cruelty, when ſpurr'd by Zeal.
Yet tho' this lawleſs Rage the People pleas'd,
Still in the Church it Indignation rais'd;
Thy Credit then to raiſe, to feed thy Pride,
Heaven muſt it ſelf be drawn o'er to thy ſide;
This was thy Maſter-piece, and this to do
Thou from thy Schools, amongſt the numerous Crew,
Some few conceited Writers didſt perſwade
That all was Orthodox they did or ſaid †;
And if in cloſe Cabal themſelves ſhould ſign
Such an Opinion Lawful and Divine,

† *Here* M. Boileau *begins to deſcribe the Corruptions that the* Jeſuits *have introduc'd into* Chriſtian Morality, *and which have been ſo admirably well expos'd by* M. Paſchal *in his* Provincial Letters.

Tho'

Tho' 'twere moſt impious, blaſphemous, profane,
Nor Laws of God or Man, could make the Edict (vain,
And that a Chriſtian in their ſteps might tread
Tho' in his Conſcience he ſhould think them bad.

On this mad Principle begun in Guilt
As fond a Superſtructure ſtrait was built,
A Notion ſtrange, ſo blaſphemouſly odd,
That when one Rages, curſes at his God,
Or teaches his Inferior Fiends to cheat,
Satan ne'er vented from his burning Seat.
For now a *Pagan* might with us have heard
This, to our Shame, by Chriſtian Prieſts averr'd,
That one whom daily Vice a Villain proves,
That one who neither God, nor Virtue loves,
If he but with a ſervile Fear unites,
Conſtant partaking of the Church's Rites,
That is enough, on that his Paſsport giv'n,
St. PETER ſtrait will turn the Keys of Heaven.

And thus to 'ſcape th'Eternal Pains of Hell
A Chriſtian having no more need of Zeal,

Th

Thy next ſtep was, that if th' intent was good
One might act Evil, even to ſpilling Blood.
Hence a falſe Oath became no Perjury,
And *Cent. per Cent.* no longer Uſury;
The changing ſpiritual Goods for Temporal
'Twere a great hardſhip *Simony* to call.
The Miſer was from Charity diſpens'd,
And Kings but rarely went to that Expence.
Then were we told, that one who loud had ly'd
Was without Guilt, if to himſelf aſide
He whiſper'd ſtrait the Truth; the Prieſt was taught
That if his Cure their Offerings duly brought,
He ſhould be ſure in's Sermons not to blame
Their ruling Vices, for in him 'twere ſhame
Such goodly Brethren with their Sins to ſhock,
Nor ought he to reflect upon the Flock.
Then were we told, an Apple to regain
With a ſafe Conſcience, we might murder Man,
Murder him—no—not ſo—but if indeed
The Rogue ſhould in his Villany proceed,

And run away, then we might ſeize the Thief,
And to regain the Apple take his Life.*
In ſhort, that all who ſin beneath the Sun
Might without Penitence—but whither do I run?
Am I the Pope to cenſure all thy Crimes,
To ſit and deal about my Bulls in Rhimes?
To count the pious Shifts thy Followers uſe
Luſt, Gluttony, and Envy to excuſe,
The many ſpecious Refuges they dreſs
For Murther, Theft, Adultery, Idleneſs,
And blaſted with *Anathema*'s t'expoſe
Their frightful Principles without their gloze;
Thoſe Principles which Error ſtill maintains,
And in thy Schools ſtill vents with wicked Pains.

But now for this Attempt ev'n now I ſee
Thy frantick Doctors drawn up in array,
Taxing me loud with Calumny, Deceit,
Call me a Villain, Hugenot, and Cheat,

---

* *The* Jeſuits *maintain, that it is lawful to kill a Man who runs away with an Apple which he has ſtole. See the* Provincial Letters.

From

From a ſharp Satyriſt I'm fallen ſoon
To a dull Jeſter, and a vile Buffoon,
One, who but writes what PASCAL wrote before,
A curſed *Janſeniſt* to ſay no more;
In vain by dint of Reaſon I convince
Thy Five Poſitions in their every Senſe,
To blame thy Doctors Morals! Why! 'Tis Schiſm,
'Tis Hereſie, 'tis Atheiſm, Janſeniſm, *
'Tis to deny that JESUS, touch'd with Love,
To Die for Man deſcended from above.

Let us this Noiſe prevent, ſtop here my Pen,
For when the found'ring Veſſel ſinks, in vain
We wiſh we had not brav'd the ſtormy Main.
Stop here my Pen, and thou, deſtructive Vice,
Monſter, be gone, to whom my wild Caprice

---

* *The Doctrine of the* Janſeniſts, *who are the Followers of* Janſenius *Biſhop of* Ipres, *are of the ſame Opinion, as the* Calviniſts, *in relation to the five Diſputable Points,* viz. Predeſtination, *&c. for which the* Jeſuits *procur'd them to be condemn'd at* Rome. *As they have ſucceſsfully expos'd the Morals of thoſe Fathers, ſo they are mortally hated by them.*

A Being Allegorical has lent,
On whom my laſt of *Satires* has its Fury ſpent.
Fly to thy famous Patrons in the Plains,
Where the ſwift *Sarth* * her Silver Streams unreins,
Or if thou wouldſt with greater Favour meet,
Appeal to *Trevoux*, to the Monkiſh Seat,
Where a new Sect of *Midas*'s appear,
And ſummon PHOEBUS to their † Monthly Bar.

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* *A ſmall River in* Normandy, *where the Inhabitants are much addicted to* Equivocating.

† *The* Jeſuits *publiſh every Month* Memoirs of Literature *at* Trevoux.

An Examination *of the* Opinion *of* Longinus *upon this Paſſage in* Geneſis, *Chap.* 1. *verſe* 3. And God said, Let the Light be made, and the Light was made.

By Monſieur Huet *Biſhop of* Avranches. *Tranſlated from the* Xth *Vol. of Monſieur* Le Clerc's Bibliotheque Choiſie.

IT is ſome Time ſince this Diſſertation of the Learned Monſieur *Huet* came to my Hands. I read it with Pleaſure, and as I thought that he had Reaſon on his ſide, I was of Opinion, it would be of Uſe to the Publick, and wiſh'd that the Author himſelf had made it ſo. But underſtanding that he would not give himſelf the Trouble, I thought he would not be diſpleas'd, if it appear'd in this manner and had a Place in the *Bibliotheque Choiſie*, with ſome Reflections added to confirm it, which are diſtinguiſh'd from the Sentiments of that *Illuſtrious Prelate*, by the *Italick* Character between *Crotchets*, whereas his are in the *Roman*.

To the Duke de Montauzier.

YOu were pleas'd my Lord, that I should engage in the Dispute you had with the Abbot *de St. Luc*, concerning *Apollo* †: I have another in my turn with Monsieur *Despreaux*, of which I most humbly beg your Lordship would please to be Judge. It is concerning a Passage in *Longinus*, which before I proceed to, must be made known to you. It is *Verbatim* thus: ‖ *The* Jewish *Legislator, who was a Man of no vulgar Understanding, having a due Notion of the Power of God, did express it accordingly, when he writ in the beginning of his Laws, these Words:* GOD SAID, *What?* LET THE LIGHT BE MADE, LET THE EARTH BE MADE, AND IT WAS MADE.

[*The Words are in the Original* Hebrew, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THE LIGHT WAS; *which is more Majestick, than that of,* Let the Light be made, and the Light was made; *for these last Words seem to imply that God commanded some other Being to make the Light, and that that other Being made it. What occasion'd its being so translated into* French *was the Vulgar* Latin *Version:* Fiat lux, & lux facta est, *because it follow'd the* Greek *Copy, which says* γενηθήτω φῶς, καὶ ἐγένετο φῶς, *and that it translates commonly* γίνεσθαι *by* fieri, *altho' that Word often signifies simply* TO BE MADE. *If the Vulgar Translation occasion'd the Catholick Translators of the Bible to commit this Fault; the Translators of* Longinus *ought not to have committed the same, as they have done in the* Latin *and* French. *But the Dispute*

† *The Abbot maintain'd, That* Apollo *and the* Sun *were not the same God.*

‖ Longinus de Sublimitate, Sect. 9.

be-

between Meſſieurs Huet *and* Deſpreaux *does not turn upon this.*] *The former goes on thus.*

When firſt I read *Longinus*, I was ſhock'd at this Remark, the ſaid Paſſage out of *Moſes* not ſeeming to me to be well choſen for an Example of the Sublime. I remember, *My Lord*, being one Day at your Houſe, long before I had the Honour to be in the † *Dauphin*'s Family, I told you my Opinion of this Remark; and tho' the Company was pretty numerous, there was but one ſingle Perſon that thought otherwiſe. I have been ſince oblig'd to make this Opinion Publick, in the Book I wrote to prove the Truth of our Religion: For having undertaken to enumerate the Prophane Authors, who have given Teſtimony to the Antiquity of the Books of *Moſes*, I found *Longinus* among them, and becauſe all that he ſays of him is only upon another's Credit; I conceiv'd my ſelf accountable to the Publick for this Conjecture, and to give them my principal Reaſon for it, which is this, That if he had ſeen what follows, and what preceeds that Paſſage of *Moſes*, he wou'd ſoon have been ſenſible that it had nothing of the Sublime. My Words are theſe: *Longinus, Prince of Criticks, in the Excellent Book he writ touching the* Sublime, *gives a very great Commendation of* Moſes; *for he ſays*, That he had a due Notion of the Power of God, and expreſs'd it accordingly by writing in the Beginning of his Laws, That GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT MADE, AND IT WAS MADE; LET THE EARTH BE MADE, AND IT WAS MADE. *However, what* LONGINUS *here alledges from* MOSES, *as a Sublime and figurative Expreſſion, ſeems to me to be perfectly Simple.* MOSES, *it is true, relates a thing that is in it ſelf great, but expreſſes it*

† *M.* Huet *was Governour to the* Dauphin.

in a Manner, which is by no means so. Which convinces me, that Longinus *did not take these Words from the Original; for if he had gone to the Fountain-Head, and perus'd the very Books of* Moses, *he wou'd have found a great Simplicity running through the whole; and I believe* Moses *affected it, by reason of the Dignity of the Subject, which by being barely related, makes a sufficient Impression upon the Senses, without any need of studied Ornaments to heighten it: Tho' indeed it is manifest both from the* Canticles, *and the Book of* Job, *which 'tis my Opinion* Moses *wrote, that he very well understood the Sublime.*

Now, tho' I knew, that Monsieur *Despreaux* had translated *Longinus*, tho' I had even read his Work, and, after a careful Examination, gave that Judgment upon it which it deserves: Yet I did not believe, he had taken that Author into his Protection, and enter'd into so strict a Participation of Interests with him, that to find fault with *Longinus* was doing an affront to Monsieur *Despreaux*; any more than to three or four other Learned Men, who had translated that Author before him. God forbid, I should go about to espouse all the Quarrels of *Origen*, and to undertake to plead his Cause, when he is treated ev'ry Day as an Heretick and Idolater. And yet, *my Lord*, you know I have enter'd into Engagements with him of as high a Nature at least as Monsieur *Despreaux* has done with *Longinus*†. And therefore, to speak Truth, I was somewhat surpriz'd, when finding the other Day upon your Table the New Edition of his Works, in opening the Book I fell

† Monsieur *Huet* publish'd in 1668. *Origenis* in sacras Scripturas Commentaria, quæcunque Græce reperiri potuerunt, cum Latina Interpretatione Notis & Observationibus. In *Fol.* 2 *Vol.*

upon

upon theſe Words: ‖ *What then ſhall we ſay of one of the moſt Learned Men of our Age, who tho' he had the Advantage of the Goſpel Light, yet did not find out the Beauty of this Paſſage* (he is ſpeaking of the Paſſage of *Moſes* reported by *Longinus*) *but has preſum'd to advance in a Book he wrote in Demonſtration of the Chriſtian Religion; that* Longinus *was miſtaken in thinking theſe Words* SUBLIME? *However, I have the Satisfaction to find there are Perſons no leſs conſiderable for their Piety than for their Learning, who are of another Opinion. The* † *Tranſlators of the Book of* Geneſis, *in their Preface, among ſeveral other excellent Proofs, that that Book was dictated by the Holy Ghoſt, have mention'd this Paſſage of* Longinus, *to ſhew how much Chriſtians ought to be convinc'd of a Truth ſo clear, that a* Pagan *himſelf cou'd not help being ſenſible of its Power by the Light of* REASON *only.* I was ſurpriz'd, I ſay, at theſe Words, *my Lord*, for Monſieur *Deſpreaux* and I have taken ſuch different Paths in the Region of Learning, that I never thought to have met him in my way, but fancy'd my ſelf out of the reach of his terrible Pen. Neither did I any more believe that all *Longinus* ſays is Goſpel, and may not be contradicted without incurring the Guilt of Preſumption; or that we were oblig'd to believe, as if it were an Article of Faith, that theſe Words of *Moſes* are Sublime, and that not conſenting to it was as good as queſtioning whether the Books of *Moſes* were inſpir'd by the Holy Ghoſt. To conclude, I did not expect to ſee *Longinus* Canoniz'd, and my ſelf in a manner Excommunicated, as I am, by Monſieur *Deſpreaux*. And yet, as Whimſical as that Cenſure is, he might

‖ *See, M.* Boileau's *Preface to* Longinus. *Paris Edit.* 1701.
† *Meſſieurs* de Port Royal.

have

have expres's'd it in more genteel and softer Terms. As for my Part, *my Lord*, I mean to let you see, in my own Justification, that not only there is not any thing a-kin to the Sublime in this Passage of *Moses*, but likewise, if there be any such Thing, as *Longinus* wou'd have it, the Sublime is very ill employ'd, if it be permitted to speak in those Terms of a *Holy Book*.

'Tis a receiv'd Maxim among All who have treated of Eloquence, that nothing gives greater force to the Sublime than introducing it appositely, and that it is no less a fault to make use of the Sublime, when the Discourse ought to be Simple, than to fall into the Simple, when it ought to be Sublime. *Longinus* himself, without producing others, is a sufficient Witness of this. Tho' Authors did not say it, Reason does. How are we shockt when we light on a groveling flat Expression in a noble and pompous Discourse? On the contrary, how are we surpriz'd when a Discourse which was simple and unadorn'd, is on a sudden hoisted up to the Sky and lost in some glaring Figure? Wou'd not a Man be thought Mad, if, in giving his Friends an Account of some strange Accident he was witness to, after having related the beginning in a familiar ordinary Stile, he shou'd start out into an Apostrophe, and direct his Speech to the Person who was principally concern'd in the Action, tho' absent, and then return to his former Simplicity, and go on to the end of his Story with the same Air he began it? Wou'd such Apostrophizing be lookt on as an Example of the Sublime; rather, wou'd it not be lookt on as an Instance of Distraction?

And yet *Moses* is charg'd with offending against this Rule, by those who maintain that he soar'd above the ordinary Stile in his Account of the Creation of Light. For if we examine the first Chapter of

of *Geneſis* throughout, and indeed all the Five Books of the Law (but not the *Canticles*, which are of another Kind) and all the Hiſtorical Books of the Bible, there will be found ſo great a Simplicity, that not a few Perſons of the laſt Ages (whoſe Parts were unexceptionably Polite, but ſpoilt with being too converſant in profane Learning) and even St. *Auſtin* before he turn'd Chriſtian, cou'd not endure to read them.

[*To the* Canticles *we muſt add the Prophecies, which are in a more elevated Stile than Narration, and which the* Hebrews *call* משל Maſchal *or Figur'd. See* Gen. xlix. *and* Deut. xxxiii. *The other Parts of* Moſes's *Narration, is every where the ſimpleſt in the World. Thoſe who cou'd not endure the Stile of the Bible were, as 'tis ſaid,* Angelus Politianus, *and* Peter Bembo, *who did not care to read it, for fear it ſhould marr their Stile. But their Diſlike fell rather upon the Tranſlation than the Original.*]

I ſhall not go farther than this firſt Chapter, to prove my Aſſertion. Is there any thing more ſimple than the entrance of the Recital of the World's Creation: *In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without form, and void, and Darkneſs was upon the Face of the Deep: And the Spirit of God moved upon the Face of the Waters.* *Moſes* was very ſenſible, that his Subject carry'd its own Recommendation along with it, and its Sublime too; that barely to relate it, was raiſing it high enough; and that the leſs of his own there was in it, 'twould be ſo much the better; and as he was not Ignorant, that an exalted Stile is not proper in all Places (which *Longinus* himſelf owns) ſo when he took upon him to declare to Mankind a Truth which puts to Confuſion all Prophane Philoſophy, in letting them know that GOD by his Word cou'd produce ſomething out of nothing, he was of Opinion that the

beſt

best way of teaching this grand Principle was by common unartful Expressions. For what reason then, after he had given an account of the Creation of the Heaven and the Earth in so unstudy'd a manner; For what reason, I say, shou'd he on a sudden forsake his Simplicity, to launch out into a sublime Description of the Creation of Light? *And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light.* Why shou'd he afterwards relapse into his Simplicity for good and all? *And God saw the Light that it was good, and God divided the Light from the Darkness, and God called the Light Day, and the Darkness he call'd Night: And the Evening and the Morning were the first Day.* All that follows bears the same Character: *And God said, Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the Waters, and let it divide the Waters from the Waters. And God made the Firmament, and divided the Waters which were under the Firmament, from the Waters which were above the Firmament: And it was so. And God call'd the Firmament Heaven: And the Evening and the Morning were the second Day.* God made the Firmament after the same Manner as he had form'd the Light; *i. e.* by his Word. The manner of the recital which *Moses* makes of the Creation of Light, does not at all differ from that of the Creation of the Firmament. Since therefore 'tis evident, that the Narration of the latter is very Simple, how can any Man stand in it, that the Narration of the former is Sublime?

[*These Reasons will carry great weight with those who have attentively read the Writings of* Moses *in the Original, or even in the Versions, and who are somewhat accustom'd to the Stile of the* Hebrews. *But there are two Things, which may obstruct our perceiving the slenderness of* Longinus's *Foundation in this Place. The first is, The great Idea Men justly have of* Moses, *as a Person altogether extraordinary. In this Supposition, they attribute to him, without thinking on't, such a sort of Stile as becomes*

comes the high Idea they have of him; and fancy that his Language must be Sublime, when he speaks of great Things; and, on the other Hand, Middling, when he speaks of middling Things; and Simple, when he's upon vulgar Things; according to the ordinary Rules of the Art, laid down by the Greek *and* Latin *Rhetoricians. Possest of this Notion, when they come to read his Writings, they take it for granted, it is all according as they think it shou'd be, tho' there's nothing in't. They imagine to themselves Rhetorical Figures where there's none, and ascribe to him certain exquisite and profound Meanings which he never thought of. Now if any Man shou'd urge, that the Holy Spirit who directed the Pen of* Moses, *was capable of the most elevated Views, and that consequently we cannot give too sublime an Explanation to what he delivers; I answer, that tho' no Body can doubt of the great Designations of the Holy Spirit, yet unless He makes them known to us, himself, it is not lawful for us to imagine them at Pleasure, and to make Him project Things, purely because we fancy they are worthy of Him. I will not scruple to say, that He has executed his Designs by Instruments, weak and of themselves incapable to contribute thereunto; not only under the Old but the New Dispensation; herein it is, that the Divine Providence is to be admir'd, and this shews that the Establishment of the Worship of One Sole God and its Propagation for so many Ages, is an Effect of His Power and not of Human Means. Therefore without regarding the Rules of Rhetoric, whether fix'd, or to be fix'd; the Sacred Books have made us acquainted with what was necessary for us to know, in the plainest most unelaborate manner that cou'd be, in such a Stile as Men use in their ordinary Discourse. M.* Huet *will speak to this Point presently. The second Thing which put* Longinus *upon thinking he saw a sublime Expression in* Moses, *and which caus'd others to applaud his Remark, is, They consider'd this Expression a-part and independant of every thing else,*

God

God said, Let there be Light and there was Light; *as if they had met with it in some* Greek *or* Latin *Author, who had made use of it in a Piece of Eloquence, in order to represent the Divine Power in the most heighten'd Terms. Taking it so, the Expression has indeed the look of Sublime, and this was what deceiv'd* Longinus, *who in all probability never read* Moses, *as will by and by appear. In after Times, Christians, prepossest in the manner aforesaid, and seeing a* Pagan *wax of Opinion, that the Expression was Sublime, they thought they cou'd do no less in Honour of* Moses *than to joyn in the same Sentiment, as if it had been scandalous in a Christian, not to admire what a* Heathen *admir'd in his Writings. M.* Despreaux *has countenanc'd this Vulgar Byas, against M.* Huet; *but if he examines it closely, he will find 'tis nothing but a groundless Prevention of the Fancy. As for M.* de Sacy, *whatever his Piety may be, his Authority can't be very great in matters of Criticism and an exact Explication of Holy Scripture, unless he has some Idea of both. But let's hear our Prelate.*]

The Sequel is perfectly of a Piece with the Beginning; he still keeps to his Simplicity, when he tells us, how God form'd the Stars with Light in 'em. *And God said, Let there be Lights in the Firmament of the Heaven, to divide the Day from the Night: And let them be for Signs, and for Seasons, and for Days and Years. And let them be for Lights in the Firmament of the Heaven, to give Light upon the Earth: And it was so. And God made two great Lights; the greater Light to rule the Day, and the lesser Light to rule the Night, he made the Stars also. And God set them in the Firmament of the Heaven to give Light upon the Earth, and to rule over the Day, and over the Night, and to divide the Light from the Darkness: And God saw that it was good.* The Creation ev'n of Man, who was to rule over the Earth, who was to wear the Likeness of God, and who was to be his Master-piece; the Creation

tion ev'n of Him, I ſay, is recounted to us in no high-flying Terms, but in common vulgar Expreſſions. *And God ſaid, Let us make Man in our Image, after our Likeneſs: And let them have Dominion over the Fiſh of the Sea, and over the Fowl of the Air, and over the Cattel, and over all the Earth, and over every creeping Thing that creepeth upon the Earth. So God created Man in his own Image, in the Image of God created he him, Male and Female created he them.* If in all this there's no ſhadow of the Sublime, I wou'd know by what particular Prerogative the Creation of the Light merited to be cloath'd with the Sublime; when ſo many other Things of a greater and nobler Nature, are deliver'd in a Stile below that we call Middling.

I likewiſe add, That if thoſe Words are Sublime, they are againſt another Rule of Eloquence, which will have the Exordiums of the greateſt and ſublimeſt Works to be Simple, that the Flame may break out in the midſt of the Smoak, as a great Maſter in that Art has it. St. *Auſtin* confines to this Rule, even thoſe who preach the Myſteries of God: *They muſt take care*, ſays he, *in the Sublime kind, that their beginnings do not tranſgreſs the lines of Mediocrity. Moſes* has tranſgreſt them with a witneſs, if *Longinus*'s Opinion be right; ſince according to him, the Books of the Law have ſo auguſt an Exordium.

We don't find that any of the ancient Fathers of the Church, or Interpreters of the Scripture were of Opinion there was any thing extraordinary in this Paſſage, except the Subject-matter of it; which being of a very high and very illuſtrious Nature, makes a lively Impreſſion upon the Reader's Mind; ſo that, if he has not all the Attention that's neceſſary, he is apt to impute to the Artifice of *Words*, what is purely owing to the Dignity of the *Thing*. But if he conſiders this Expreſſion in it ſelf, abſtractedly from that grand

grand Sense which props it, he will find it as Simple as can possibly be; so that if *Longinus* had given Rules for the Simple as he has done for the Sublime, he wou'd have found, without thinking on't, that the Words he quotes out of *Moses* are entirely conformable to those Rules.

It is certain that the greatness of a Subject often makes us mistakenly imagine, that the Person who treats thereof, uses the Sublime, tho' he delivers himself in a very Simple manner. This is what has been very well observ'd by the ancient Rhetorician, who has given us a Treatise of Stile, under the Name of Demetrius Phalereus. There is, *says he*, a Loftiness which consists in the Things themselves, such as a great and memorable Fight on Land or Sea, or when the Discourse is concerning the Heavens or the Earth; for they who hear a great Subject treated of, presently fancy that the Orator does it in the great and Sublime Stile, and this is what they are mistaken in. They shou'd observe not what is said, but how it is said; for great Things may be deliver'd in a simple Stile: And therefore some Authors have been said to have a grand Stile, who indeed do treat of great Things, but not in a lofty manner, as *Theopompus*.

[*The same may be said of those who look for the Sublime in certain Places of the Scripture, where there's nothing of it; only because the Holy Penmen writ upon great Subjects. This is what befel the late M.* Tollius *in his Latin Note upon the Passage of* Longinus, *where he takes to task M.* Huet. *He visibly confounds the sublime Stile with the Thing it self, without being aware that all those who shall handle Things of a high Nature, tho' in Terms next a-kin to Vulgar, will, according to him, always do it in a Sublime Manner. M.* Huet *has very well shewn, by the whole Context of the Discourse of* Moses, *that there's no Sublime in the Expression, tho' God and the Creation are the sublimest Things in the Universe.*]

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The Truth of this, continues he, will be made out by Examples. Wou'd that Man be ſuſpected of intending to expreſs himſelf Figuratively and Nobly, who ſhou'd ſay, *When I went abroad I ſaid to my Servants, follow me, and they follow'd me.* Is the Marvellous in theſe Words, *I deſir'd my Friend to lend me his Horſe, and he lent him me.* One wou'd think, on the contrary, that a Man cou'd not expreſs himſelf in a more ſimple Manner. But if the Sublime is in the Thing it ſelf, it will appear in the Expreſſion however naked it be. Xerxes *commanded the Sea to be chain'd, and the Sea was chain'd.* Alexander *ſaid, Let* Tyre *be burnt and the Inhabitants put to the Sword, and* Tyre *was burnt, and the Inhabitants put to the Sword.* There is in this, Elevation and Greatneſs, but it proceeds from the Subject; and not to make this Diſtinction, is to confound *Things* with *Words*; to be ignorant how to ſeparate *Art* from *Nature*, the *Workmanſhip* from the *Material*, and the Dexterity of the *Hiſtorian* from the Greatneſs and Power of the *Hero.*

[*And therefore M.* Tollius *himſelf, in a Note upon the Paſſage of* Longinus, *owns there is nothing of Sublime in theſe Words of* Apuleius, *which are in the 7th Book of his* Metamorphoſis: Noluit eſſe *Cæſar Hæmi* latronis Collegium, & confeſtim interiit. Tantum poteſt nutus etiam magni Principis. The Emperor will'd, that the Band of the Robber *Hemus* ſhou'd be no more; and it immediately periſh'd: So powerful is the ſole Pleaſure of a mighty Prince! *M.* Tollius *is in the right to laugh at* Apuleius, *and to ſay, that without theſe laſt Words no Body would have comprehended what his Figure meant. It is likewiſe ill-grounded, for the Emperor did not by his Will alone deſtroy* Hæmus's *Band, but by means of his Troops, who were commanded to purſue thoſe Robbers, and who took or kill'd them after no little Pains and Difficulty.*]

I can't believe, That a Man of *Longinus*'s exquisite Judgment cou'd have been so deceiv'd, if he had read the whole Work of *Moses*; and this is what made me suspect, that he had not seen this Passage in the Original. I have another Proof of it, which seems irrefragable; and that is his making *Moses* say: What he does not say. *God said*, What? *Let there be Light and there was Light*; *let the Earth be made and it was made.* These last Words are not in *Moses*, any more than the Interrogation, * *What?* And 'tis highly probable, *Longinus* met with it in some Author, who had contented himself with giving the Substance of what *Moses* had written, without confining himself to his Words. *M. le Fevre* is not far from this Opinion. *It is very likely*, says he, *that* Longinus *had read something in the Books of* Moses, *or that he had heard speak of them.*

The Philosopher *Aristobulus*, tho' a *Jew*, and a passionate Admirer of *Moses*, like the rest of his Nation, yet did not forbear to distinguish the Speech which God made use of to create the World, from the Speech which *Moses* made use of to recount that Creation to us. *We must not imagine* †, says he, *that the Voice of God is contain'd in a certain number of Words, like a Speech, but we are to believe, that it is the very Disposition of Things, and 'tis in this Sense that* Moses *calls the Creation of the Universe the Voice of God*; *for he says of all his Works:* God said, and it was. You see, my Lord, that this Remark does not affect the Creation of Light only, but the Creation of all God's Works, and that, according to this Author, the Marvellous and the Sublime which are in the History of the Creation, are in the Speech of God, which is

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* *M.* Despreaux *has omitted it in his Version.*

† Apud *Eusebium* Præp. Evang. Lib. XIII. c. 12.

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his very Operation. *Ariſtobulus* goes on thus: *And this in my Opinion is what* Pythagoras, Socrates *and* Plato *had their Eye to, when they ſaid, that as often as they contemplated the Creation of the World, they thought they heard the Voice of God.* Thoſe Philoſophers admir'd the Sublime of the All-powerful Voice, but did not take Notice of any ſuch Sublime in the Words of *Moſes*, tho' they were no Strangers to them. For, according to the Teſtimony of the ſaid *Ariſtobulus*, ſome Parts of the Holy Scripture were tranſlated into *Greek* before *Alexander*, and *Plato* had read that Tranſlation.

[*I do not believe* Plato *ever read any Thing of* Moſes, *and I have given my Reaſons for it, in my* Ars Critica, *Vol.* 3*d.* Ep. VII. *This* Ariſtobulus, *a* Jew *and Peripatetic, ſeems to me very Suſpicious, as well as to M.* Hody, *whom you may conſult in his Verſion of the* LXX. *Lib.* 1. *Ch.* 9. *Even tho' thoſe Books were really written by a* Jew, *who did actually live in the Time of* Ptolomeus Philometer, (*under whom we muſt place* Ariſtobulus) *yet I ſhou'd not for that be haſty to believe, that* Plato *had plunder'd the Holy Scripture, ſince I ſee no ſolid Proof of it, but on the contrary have very ſtrong Reaſons not to believe it. However that be, this* Ariſtobulus, *true or falſe, was very happy in his Explication of theſe Words,* And God ſaid. *I have already ſpoke to this Head in my Commentary on* Geneſis, *and will not trouble the Reader with Repetitions, but proceed to what our Prelate adds.*]

I ſay moreover, that this Expreſſion of *Moſes* is ſo far from being Sublime, that it is on the contrary very common and very familiar to the Sacred Authors; ſo that if it were a Figure, yet being ſo often brought in as it is, it wou'd ceaſe to be Sublime; becauſe it wou'd ceaſe to affect the Reader, and to make an Impreſſion on his Mind, by reaſon of its

too frequent Repetition. For, according to * *Quintilian*, Figures loſe the Name of Figures, when they are too trite and too much finger'd. I cou'd give a Thouſand Examples of this, but it ſhall ſuffice to produce ſome which can't be ſuſpected of Sublimity. God ſays to *Moſes* in the viii. Chapter of *Exodus: Say unto* Aaron, *Stretch out thy Rod and ſmite the Duſt of the Land, that it may become Lice throughout all the Land of* Egypt. *And they did ſo; for* Aaron *ſtretched out his Hand with his Rod, and ſmote the Duſt of the Earth and it became Lice, in Man and in Beaſt.* Here's the very ſame Language as in the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, and this is not the beginning of a Law, which *Longinus* thought *Moſes* intended to render more awful by a ſublime Expreſſion. You have another in the ix. Chapter of *Exodus: And the Lord ſaid unto* Moſes, *Stretch forth thine Hand toward Heaven, that there may be Hail in all the Land of* Egypt; *upon Man and upon Beaſt, and upon every Herb of the Field, throughout the Land of* Egypt. *And* Moſes *ſtretched forth his Rod toward Heaven, and the Lord ſent Thunder and Hail.* In the xvii. Chapter of the ſame Book *Moſes* ſays to *Joſhua*; *Go out, fight with* Amalek. *And* Joſhua *did as* Moſes *had ſaid to him, and fought with* Amalek. In the firſt Chapter of the *Paralip.* where we read that *David* having defeated the *Philiſtines*, took their Idols and caus'd them to be burn'd, the Text has it, *And* David *ſpake, and they were burn'd.* This has a greater reſemblance of the Sublime, than that which impos'd on *Longinus*; and yet the whole Narrative and Book of the *Paralip.* ſhews plainly that the Sacred Hiſtorian meant nothing leſs than to expreſs himſelf

* Lib. IX. Chap. 3.

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in this Place by a Figure. In the Goſpel, when the *Centurion* was willing to ſpare our Lord the trouble of going to his Houſe to cure his Son: Lord, ſaid he, you need only ſpeak the Word and my Son will be heal'd, for I obey thoſe who are above me, and the Soldiers who are under my Authority, obey me; *And I ſay to one, go, and he goeth; and to another come, and he cometh; and to my Servant, do this, and he doeth it.* Had the Centurion the Books of the Rhetoricians and the Treatiſes of Sublime, and was he minded to ſhew to our Lord, by this Rhetorical touch, the readineſs with which he was ſerv'd? When St. *John* reports in theſe Words the Miracle wrought upon the Man that was born Blind, *Jeſus ſaid unto him, go, waſh in the Pool of* Silo. *He went thither and waſht*; and when the blind Man afterwards thus relates his Cure: *He ſaid unto me, go to the Pool of* Silo *and waſh therein; I went thither, I waſht therein and I ſee*; do the blind Man and the Evangeliſt uſe this figurative Expreſſion to make the Miracle more admir'd? Did they think it wou'd not appear great enough, without the help of the Sublime? Was it for the ſame Reaſon, the ſame Evangeliſt relating the cure of him that had been infirm thirty eight Years, expreſs'd himſelf thus: *Jeſus ſaid unto him, riſe, take up thy Bed and walk*; *and the Man was inſtantly heal'd, and took up his Bed and walk'd.* Does St. *Matthew* mean to garniſh the recital of his Call when he ſays, in ſpeaking of himſelf; *Jeſus* ſaid unto him, follow me; and he riſing up, follow'd him? Has he the ſame Deſign, when ſpeaking of the Man who had a wither'd Hand, and who was heal'd by our Lord, he uſes theſe Words: *Then he ſaid to the Man, ſtretch out thy Hand, and he ſtretched it out?*

[*The Examples produc'd here by Mr.* Huet, *are liable to ſome Exception; becauſe they refer to Words really*

spoken and executed in their proper Sense, by Men. And the Things so mention'd, cou'd not be more simply or more naturally expres's'd. But in this Description of the Creation of the World, God said, and his Commands were executed; *the Action of God is represented figuratively, under the Image of a Command, to signifie, that he made the whole by his Will; and therein consists the Figure, which however has nothing Sublime in* Moses, *who in his Narrations had nothing less in his Thoughts, than to express himself in a lofty Strain.*]

These Ways of speaking, continues M. *Huet*, are not peculiar to the Holy Penmen; when the *Jews*, who came after them, speak of God, they often Name him thus: *He that spoke, and the World was made*; to signifie Him that created the World by his Word. So they name him in their Dogmatical Works, which are void of all Ornament and Figure. The commonest Topic of Praise, which *Mahomet* uses in reference to God in his *Alcoran*, is, that when he Wills any thing, *he says, be it; and it is.* All this demonstrates, that the Expression of *Moses*; *God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light*, is nothing but a *Hebraism*, and has no other meaning or force than if he had said; God created the Light, by his Word. As this Expression, which is so common and so natural in the *Hebrew* Tongue, is rarely us'd in the *Greek*, unless by way of Figure, 'twas a slippery Place for *Longinus*, and he might easily fall into an Error; especially finding it repeated over and over, in the Books which he had seen, and which render'd this Passage somewhat otherwise than *Moses* wrote it: *Let there be Light, and there was Light.* This Repetition, I say, which is often Rhetorical among the *Greeks*, but is not so among the *Hebrews*, seem'd to *Longinus* to be made on Purpose; for, according to *Quintilian*, Repetition alone makes a Figure. And even the Interrogation, which goes before

fore it; *God ſaid, What? Let there be Light:* This Interrogation, I ſay, which is none of *Moſes*'s, exciting, as it does, the Reader's Attention and preparing his Mind to hear ſomething conſiderable, and being out of the common Track of Language, might ſeem to him to proceed from Art. 'Tis to no Purpoſe for ſome to pretend, that this *what* is not put down there as coming from *Moſes*, and making part of the Paſſage he reports, but that he put it down as coming from himſelf. What Good cou'd this Interrogation do? If the pretended Sublimity of the Paſſage conſiſted purely in theſe Words, *Let there be Light*, we may believe, he was willing to awaken thereby the Reader's Mind, in order to make him the better underſtand them. But if, according to the Opinion of our Adverſaries, this Sublime conſiſts in the lively Expreſſion of the Creature's Obedience to the Voice of the Creator, he enlarges as much upon what precedes the Interrogation, as upon what follows it, and therefore it had been very improperly plac'd there by *Longinus*; beſides that it is not his Cuſtom to take thoſe Liberties with the Authors he quotes. In all the Paſſages with which his Work is fill'd, he gives their naked Words without intermingling any Thing of his own. And therefore we may ſay, that conſidering he went according to the Words of *Moſes* as alter'd and miſreported, his Judgment of them is excuſable. But it is inſupportable, if it reſult from what *Moſes* did actually ſay; and 'twas this Original which M. *Deſpreaux* ought to have conſulted.

[*And ſo, it ſeems, he did, much more than the Lection of* Longinus, *ſince in the Citation of* Moſes's *Paſſage, he has put away the* What? *I am ſurpriz'd, that neither* He *ſhou'd take any notice of it in his Notes, nor our Prelate reprimand him for ſuch Omiſſion; for in ſhort, as he very well obſerves, this* What *throws the Sublime upon the*

succeeding Words only, whereas 'tis pretended, that it no less consists in these Words, and God said. *It is not fair to retrench any Thing in translating a Passage of this Nature, for so the Translator makes the Author say, not what he does say, but what he shou'd have said forsooth.*]

There are Expressions in Holy Scripture, which have been deem'd Figurative and Sublime, and which in their Original are by no means so. One of the most polite Writers of this Age has rankt among these, that Passage of the first Book of *Maccabees*, where it is said, *That the Earth was silent before* Alexander; taking this Silence for a Metaphorical Expression of the Submission, which the subjugated World paid that Conqueror; and this for want of knowing, that the Origin of this way of speaking comes from a *Hebrew* Word signifying *to be silent, to repose and be in Peace.* It were easie to produce many Examples of this: So that what appear'd Sublime in our *Language* and the *Latin*, is, in the *Hebrew*, nothing but a simple and ordinary Phrase. So likewise in that same Book of *Maccabees*, are these Words, *Et siluit terra dies paucos*; & *siluit terra annis duobus*, where the *Greek* has it, ἡσύχασεν, *was in Peace:* As also in St. *Luke*, when it is said, that the Women of *Galilee Sabbatho siluerunt*, to signifie that they rested on the Sabbath. The Reader will judge whether these Expressions are Sublime.

'Tis plainly a *Hebraism*, for in *Hebrew* they say שקטה ארץ *Schaketah erets*; the Land was silent, to intimate that it rested. See *Jos.* XI. 23. I will not deny that *David* spoke figuratively, when he said of God (*Psalm* XXXIII. 9.) *For he spake and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast.* This is the true Sense of the Original. And the whole Texture of this *Psalm*, enrich'd with so many and such noble lofty

lofty Figures, ſufficiently ſhew what we ought to think of this Expreſſion, and it likewiſe carries in it ſelf the Marks of the Sublime; for in ſaying that God *ſpake*, without adding what, and that what he ſpake *was done*, the Prophet gives no limits to the Reader's Imagination, but with two Words makes him range over the whole Heaven and Earth, and all the mighty Works of the Creator. He then makes a ſort of Gradation, and from a ſimple Word he paſſes to a Command, to ſhew the Infinite Power of that Word, and the Sovereignty of God. When he adds to this Command *it ſtood faſt*, without ſaying what ſtood faſt; (whether he meant to recal the Memory of the Miracle which was wrought at the Battle of *Gabaon* when the Sun ſtood ſtill, or whether he alludes to the abſolute Power which God continually has over his Creatures, to keep them in reſt or in motion, to create them and preſerve them;) the Prophet I ſay determining nothing, carries our Mind ev'n to Infinity, and that is what deſerves the Name of Sublime.

[*It is certain there's a great deal of Difference between a ſimple Narration, ſuch as the beginning of* Geneſis, *and a* Canticle, *ſuch as this* Pſalm *quoted here by M.* Huet. *What's Simple in the one, becomes Sublime in the other, by the Senſe that is given to it. For Example, the Pſalmiſt ſays,* Verſe 6. By the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made: And all the Hoſt of them, by the breath of his Mouth. *It is viſible theſe Expreſſions are Sublime, not only becauſe they are ſo in themſelves, but becauſe they are inſerted in a* Canticle. *As for* Verſe 9. *I ſhou'd think it ought to be tranſlated,* He ſpake, and the World was; he commanded, and it preſented it ſelf to him; *in* Latin, Dixit & Orbis fuit, imperavit, & ſe ei ſtitit; *for the Verb* Jahamod, *refers to the Creature, or to the Word* Thebel, *which is the laſt of the foregoing Verſe, and which ſignifies*

fies the World. *So St.* Jerom *understood it, in his Version from the* Hebrew; *his Words are these,* Quia ipsè dixit & factus est (*Orbis*) ipso præcipiente, stetit.] *M.* Huet *goes on,*

Again, in order to judge better of the Passage of *Moses*, we must make another sort of Distinction of the several kinds of Sublime, than what *Longinus* has done, and must establish four Kinds, which being well understood will make an entire Decision of our Dispute; the Sublime of Words, the Sublime of Phrase, the Sublime of Thoughts, and the Sublime of Things. *The Sublime of Words* is an Elevation of Discourse, which consists only in the Choice of beautiful and sonorous Words, which yet contain nothing but a common Thought; and some are of Opinion, this Kind does not properly deserve the Name of Sublime. *The Sublime of Phrase, or of the Turn of Expression*, arises from the marshalling and disposing of Words, which set in a certain Order, shake the Soul, and which on the contrary remaining in their natural Order leave it without any Emotion. *The Sublime of Thoughts*, proceeds immediately from the Mind, and makes its way to our Perception of it self, provided it be not weaken'd, either by the meanness of the Words, or their ill Disposition. As for *the Sublime of Things*, it solely depends upon the Grandeur and Dignity of the Subject treated of; without any occasion for Artifice in the Speaker, to make it appear as great as it is. Thus any Man that can but relate any Thing of Grandeur, just as it is, without Diminution or Addition; however unpolite or ignorant he may be in other Respects, he may with Justice be reckon'd truly Sublime in his Discourse, but not that Sublime which *Longinus* teaches. There are few *Rhetoricians*, but acknowledge these four Kinds of Sublime; but they do not agree in the manner of distinguishing and defining them. Of these four

four Sublimes, 'tis evident, that the three firſt are of the Juriſdiction of the Orator, and depend upon Precepts, but that Nature alone has Pretenſions to the laſt, excluſive of Art; and conſequently when *Longinus*, by Profeſſion a *Rhetorician*, gave Rules for the Sublime, it was not for this laſt Kind of Sublime, which was not within his Sphere; ſince what is naturally Great is always Great, and will appear ſo to them who ſhall conſider it as it is in it ſelf.

This being granted, if we apply this Diſtinction of the Sublime to the Paſſage of *Moſes*, it will ſoon be ſeen that the Sublime of Words is not there, ſince the Words are common Words. Nor is the Sublime of Phraſe there: Since I have made appear, that the Words are diſpos'd in ſuch a Manner as is very ordinary in the Books of *Moſes*, and in all Books of the *Hebrews*, Ancient and Modern, and that it is a turn of their Language and not of their Rhetoric. Nor can it be ſaid, that it contains any Sublimity of Thought, for where wou'd the Thought be found? Therefore what ſtrikes us, and gives us an Emotion, in reading thoſe Words of *Moſes*, is the Sublime of the very Thing expreſs'd by thoſe Words. When we hear that the ſole Voice of the Lord drew Light from the Abyſs of Nothing, ſo ſurprizing a Truth has a mighty Effect upon the Mind, and the Sacred Hiſtorian being very ſenſible, that whatever he ſhou'd add of his own, wou'd but obſcure the Luſtre of it, he coucht it in Terms ſimple and vulgar, and gave it no other turn than what was common and familiar in his Language; like a skilful Lapidary, who being to inchaſe ſome precious Stone that is without fault, uſes but one Gold-twiſt to environ and faſten it, without robbing the beholders Eyes of any of its Beauty; well knowing, that what he ſhou'd add, wou'd be inferiour to that which he ſhou'd hide; and that the great Art is to have no Art: Whereas when he is to

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ſet a Jewel that has ſome fault, he uſes a contrary Cunning, and dextrouſly covers with Gold and Enamel the Flaw which might leſſen the value of it. This Sublime of Things is the true Sublime; the Sublime of Nature, the Original Sublime; the reſt are only ſo by Imitation and Art. The Sublime of Things has its own Sublimity in it ſelf, the others but borrow it from without. The firſt does not impoſe upon the Mind; what it repreſents as great is really ſo. On the contrary, the Sublime of Art lays Snares for the Mind, and is only made uſe of to give an Appearance to what has no being, or to make it appear bigger than it is. Therefore the Sublime which *Longinus* and his Followers fancy to be in this Paſſage before us, does Honour to *Moſes*, I confeſs, but an Honour which he deſpis'd. The Sublime, which I fancy in it does Honour to the Work of God, and this is what *Moſes* himſelf propos'd. In this View it was, that *Chalcidius* the *Platonic*, in reporting the beginning of *Geneſis*, has ſaid, that *Moſes* who is the Author of it, was not ſupported and animated with a human Eloquence; but that God himſelf put Words into his Mouth and inſpir'd him. That Philoſopher did not, like *Longinus*, find in the Diſcourſe of *Moſes* the Paint of the School, and the Diſguiſes invented by human Wit; but he perceiv'd therein the fructifying Voice of God, who is Spirit and Life it ſelf.

But this is not the ſole and principal Fault, which I find in the Judgment which *Longinus* has made of the Paſſage in queſtion. When he ſaid theſe Words; *God ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light*, in endeavouring to raiſe the Beauty of that Expreſſion, he debaſes the Grandeur of God, and has evinced that neither the lowneſs of human Wit, nor the Elevation of the Divine Majeſty, were ſufficiently known to him. He was ignorant, that

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our Conceptions, and our Words were too ſhort to reach the Infinite Heighth of the Wiſdom of God, whoſe Riches never enter'd into the Heart of Man, and which are incomprehenſible to it. When God commanded his Prophets to publiſh his Myſteries, one repreſented to him that he was of uncircumcis'd Lips, another told him that he wanted Speech, and all own'd themſelves Inferiour to the Dignity of that Employment.

This alone ſufficiently demonſtrates the Error of thoſe who believe, that the Sublime of this Paſſage conſiſts in that the Act of the Will of God is thereby repreſented to us as a Word. Tho' Men have but very low and very groſs Ideas of God's Greatneſs, yet their Expreſſions are below their Ideas. Not being able to raiſe themſelves up to Him, they bring Him down to them, and ſpeak of Him as of a Man. They give him a Face, a Mouth, Eyes, Ears, Feet and Hands. They make Him ſit, walk, ſpeak, they aſcribe human Paſſion to him, Joys, Deſire, Repentance, Wrath. Nay, they give Him Wings and make him fly. Is this knowing the Power of God, according to his Dignity? Is this expreſſing it as it ought to be? And dare we give the Name of Sublime to a Diſcourſe, which infinitely depreciates and diſhonours its Subject? In ſhort, if it be a Sublime Expreſſion to ſay that God ſpake, which of the Prophets cou'd not furniſh us with a thouſand Examples, like that which *Longinus* has quoted out of *Moſes*? Do not thoſe very Prophets give the Name of Speech to the Judgments which we inwardly make of Things, either for or againſt; and what is the outward oral Speech, but an Image of the inward Speech of the Underſtanding? *Moſes* therefore expreſs'd himſelf like a Philoſopher, and not like a Rhetorician, when he ſaid, that God created the Light by his Word,

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[*It cannot be deny'd, That these Reflections of M.* Huet *are very Curious, very Exact, and very Just. There's nothing so true, as our having but a very imperfect Idea of the Deity, and such as is infinitely Inferiour to the reality, whatever Care we have taken to purifie our Reason by Study, and whatever Efforts we use to raise our selves above Vulgar Errors. It is ev'n in this Case most certain, that when we go about to convey our Notions into the Minds of others, by the Instrument of Speech, we do nothing but employ Metaphorical Expressions, the greatest Part whereof are borrow'd from corporeal Things, because there are none other. Thus, in strictness, Men are less able to speak of the Deity in a Sublime Manner, than they are to form a Notion of it answerable to the immense Original; tho' it is as impossible to come near it, as to exhaust Infinity. All the Efforts of Men wou'd be to no Purpose, but to deceive others and themselves, if we imagin'd, that we cou'd speak of Him in a Manner* expressive of his Grandeur and Power according to his Dignity, *as* Longinus *words it. God did not even to the Prophets make himself known any farther than as their Weakness admitted, and in such a manner as was proportion'd to the narrow-mindedness of those to whom he sent those Holy Men. Otherwise if God had pleas'd to have manifested himself in a manner above our Capacity, it wou'd have been of no use to us. 'Tis for that reason, we see in the Scripture an Infinite Number of Expressions which the Divines call* Anthropopathies, *i. e. Descriptions of Divine Things by Metaphors taken from Things Human: And which are very far from lifting up our Minds to a Knowledge, that may bear any Proportion with the Eternal Grandeur of the Deity.*

And yet we sometimes say, that others have spoken in a Sublime Manner of God; without considering that we have neither any Ideas or Words, but what infinitely lessen him. But this Sublime ought to be understood in reference

ference to our Weakneſs; and we ſay a Language is Noble, when it is above that which is commonly us'd; and by which eminent Geniuſſes have endeavour'd to raiſe our Minds, as much as they cou'd above Vulgar Ideas. But it muſt always be remember'd, that thoſe Men whom we moſt admire, have been all lock'd up within the Bounds of Human Nature; which 'tis impoſſible for the Children of Adam *ever to go beyond, in this Life. Underſtandings of the firſt Order, among us, are undoubtedly very Vulgar, in Compariſon of the Intelligences which are ſuperiour to our Nature, and there is ſtill an infinite Diſtance between the moſt exalted Intelligences and the Deity. And therefore 'tis very improperly ſaid, that ſuch a Man has ſpoken of the Deity in a Sublime Manner, which Expreſſion, as likewiſe all of the like Kind, ſhould be underſtood relatively to Us.*

Homer, *who, as* Longinus *obſerves, in the Chapter wherein are the Words now examin'd, deſcribes the Gods like Men, and ſometimes even like Beings more unhappy than Men, does at other Times ſoar as high as he can to ſpeak of them in a loftier Strain; but he does not in all Things ſatisfie even* Longinus; *and there where he does beſt, and where that* Rhetorician *thinks him Sublime, he is infinitely ſhort of the Ideas of the Philoſophers; as thoſe who ſhall peruſe that Chapter will agree. And therefore that* Rhetorician *was no very penetrating Judge in a Queſtion of this kind,* viz. *Whether an Expreſſion is worthy of God, or not.*

I may likewiſe ſay, that M. Huet *in his Reflections on thoſe different kinds of Sublime, has very well anſwer'd what M.* Tollius *advanc'd againſt him, in his Notes on* Longinus, *and which for that Reaſon, I ſhall omit here.*

If therefore ſome will yet have it, that the Legiſlator of the Jews, *who indeed was no ordinary Man,* having very well conceiv'd the Greatneſs and Power of God, has duly expreſs'd it according to its Dignity,

it must be understood with respect to the impotence of Human Nature, to which the Revelation he receiv'd from Heav'n, was necessarily to be proportion'd. We ought to form to our selves the greatest and most magnificent Idea of the Deity we possibly can, and yet be cautious how we fancy we come near that incomprehensible Original. To act otherwise, is to act like the vulgar Herd; and not to suffer our selves to be better inform'd, is to desire to continue among the ignorant and conceited Populace.]

It is now easie to see, whether M. *Despreaux's* Censure be well-grounded. It is, in short, making the Difference between us a Point of Religion, and accusing me of a kind of Impiety, for denying, That *Moses* made use of the Sublime in the Passage now under Dispute. But this is asserted without Proof, and is begging the Question. If it be contrary to good Sense to say, that this Passage is Sublime, as I think I have demonstrated; it is ridiculous to say, that not to speak against good Sense is to wound Religion. The Second Proof turns upon the New Translators of *Genesis*, who have confirm'd his Opinion. But it is visible; That M. *Despreaux* does not vouch them so much for the weight, he thought their Opinion might carry in this Case; as to pay the Debt of Compliments, they had laid upon him by their reporting that Passage. Since therefore this Censure is founded upon nothing, but the Magisterial Air with which it is deliver'd; I fancy I have a right to Answer in my turn, What shall we say of a Man, who, tho' he had the Advantage of the Gospel Light, has presum'd to represent *Moses* as a wretched *Rhetorician*, and maintain'd, that he made use of unnecessary Figures in his History, and disguis'd under superfluous Ornaments, a Matter exceedingly Beautiful and Rich of it self? What shall we say of that Man, who is Ignorant, that the Excellence, the Energy, and the Merit of the Holy Scrip-

Scripture does not conſiſt in the Richneſs of its Figures, nor in the Sublimity of its Language? *Non in Sublimitate Sermonis aut Sapientiæ, non in perſuaſibilibus Humanæ Sapientiæ verbis; ſed in Oſtenſione Spiritus & Virtutis; ut fides noſtra non ſit in Sapientia Hominum ſed Virtute Dei*; and knows not, that neither the Elevation, nor the Simplicity of the Sacred Volumes are the Marks which diſcover their being dictated by the Holy Ghoſt, ſince St. *Auſtin* was of Opinion, That it was indifferent, whether the Scripture Language were Polite or Barbarous; who is ſo ignorant, as not to know, That St. *Paul* was no Maſter in the Artifices of Rhetorick, and that he was *imperitus Sermonis* *; that *Moſes* had an Impediment in his Speech; that the Prophet *Amos* was Rude and Unpolite; and that all the Holy Perſonages, tho' ſpeaking different Languages, were however inſpir'd with the ſame Spirit.

To conclude, I appeal to your Lordſhip for Judgment. Your natural Penetration, and your being ſo much converſant in the ſacred Books, will enable you to determine this Queſtion. Whatever Compliment M. *Deſpreaux* has paid you in the laſt Edition of his Works, his Praiſes cannot hinder you from holding the Scales even, and preſerving that Equity between us, which you ſo religiouſly obſerve in every Thing. For my Part, I ſhall abide by your Lordſhip's Deciſion, with no leſs Reſpect and Submiſſion than I have always been

Yours, &c.

Paris, 26 March,
1683.

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* II Epiſt. Corinth. Chap. 13. ver. 6.

I have had no account of the Consequences of this Quarrel, and have purposely forborn any personal Reflections. I thought M. Huet's *Dissertation worthy to be publish'd, and have given it just as it came to my Hands without any Alteration, except putting M.* Despreaux's *Name at length, which was only mark'd with Stars, because he himself had put it so in the last Edition of his Works. He seems not to have alter'd his Opinion, since, what he had said of the Bishop of* Avranches, *is continued in that Edition with little or no Alteration. However that be, a Man may upon this occasion differ from M.* Despreaux, *without detracting from the Reputation he justly deserves.*

THREE

THREE New REFLECTIONS ON *LONGINUS.*

REFLECTION X.

Being,

An Anſwer to Monſieur Le Clerc's Diſſertation againſt Longinus.

The Words of Longinus, Chap. VII.

The Jewiſh Legiſlator, who was a Man of no vulgar Underſtanding, having a due Notion of the Power of God, did expreſs it accordingly, when he writ in the beginning of his Laws, theſe Words: God said: Let the Light be made, and the Light was made; Let the Earth be made, and the Earth was made.

WHEN I firſt printed, about Six and Thirty Years ago, my Tranſlation of *Longinus*'s Treatiſe of the Sublime, I thought it proper, to prevent any Miſtakes about the Term Sublime, to inſert in my Preface the following

lowing Words, which are still continu'd therein, and which were but too necessary, considering what has since happen'd: *It must be observ'd then, that by the Sublime,* Longinus *does not mean what the Orators call the Sublime Stile, but something extraordinary and marvellous, that strikes us in a Discourse, and makes it elevate, ravish, and transport us. The Sublime Stile requires always great Words, but the Sublime may be found in a Thought only, or in a Figure or Turn of Expression. A Thing may be in the Sublime Stile, and yet not be Sublime. As for Example,* the sovereign Arbiter of Nature with a single Word form'd the Light; *this is in the Sublime Stile, and yet is far from being Sublime, because there is nothing very marvellous in it, and which might not be easily thought and expres't on that Occasion by any one; but God said:* LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT: *is an extraordinary Turn of Expression, which so well denotes the Obedience of the Creature to the Orders of the Creator, that it is truly Sublime, and has something Divine in it; therefore by the Sublime in* Longinus *we must understand that which is extraordinary, surprizing, and as I have translated it, marvellous in Discourse.*

This so seasonable a Precaution was approv'd of by every body, but especially by such as were truly affected with the Love of the Holy Scripture; and I did not think I should ever have any occasion to make an Apology for it. I was not a little surpriz'd sometime afterwards, to find in a Book intitled, *Demonstratio Evangelica,* written by the famous Monsieur *Huet,* a Passage wherein he not only dissented from me, but positively maintain'd that *Longinus* was mistaken in thinking that there was the Sublime in those Words; GOD SAID, &c. I confess I could hardly brook to see the most famous and most learned Critick of Antiquity treated with such Contempt. So that in a new Edition of my Works which

which was publiſh'd ſome Months afterwards, I could not forbear adding in my Preface theſe words: *I have quoted theſe Words out of* Geneſis, *as an Expreſſion, the moſt proper of any to put my Thoughts in a true Light, and made uſe of it the more willingly, becauſe this very Expreſſion is cited with Applauſe by* Longinus *himſelf, who under the Darkneſs of Paganiſm, could not but perceive ſomething Divine in thoſe Words of the Scripture. What then ſhall we ſay of one of the moſt learned Men of our Age, who having the Advantage of the Goſpel-Light, did not find out the Beauty of this Paſſage, but has preſum'd to advance in a Book he wrote in Defence of the Chriſtian Religion, that* Longinus *was miſtaken in thinking theſe Words Sublime?*

As this Rebuke was ſomewhat warm, and perhaps a little too warm, I expected to ſee in a ſhort time ſome very ſharp Reply by M. *Huet*, who was about that time nominated to the Biſhoprick of *Avranches*; and I accordingly prepar'd to anſwer it in the beſt and moſt inoffenſive manner that I could. But whether that learned Prelate had alter'd his Opinion, or whether he diſdain'd to enter the Liſts with ſo mean an Antagoniſt, he kept himſelf ſilent. Our Quarrel ſeem'd to be extinguiſh'd, and I heard no further of it till the Year 1709. when a Friend of mine ſhew'd me in the Tenth Tom. of the *Bibliotheque Choiſie* of M. *Le Clerc*, a famous Proteſtant of *Geneva*, a Refugee in *Holland*, a Chapter containing above Five and Twenty Pages, wherein that Proteſtant in a very imperious manner takes *Longinus* and my ſelf to Task, and treats us both as a Couple of Ignoramus's, for thinking that there was any Sublimity in that Paſſage. The Occaſion which he takes thus to inſult us, is a pretended Letter of the learned M. *Huet*, which he ſays came accidentally to his Hands, and which the more effectually to cut us down, he tranſcribes entire;

adding however, to give it the greater Weight, several Remarks of his own almost as long as the Letter it self, so that they are two sorts of Dissertations jumbled together to make one Work.

Tho' these two Dissertations are written with sufficient Gall and Rancour, I was not much mov'd in reading them, because the Reasons contain'd in 'em seem'd to me to be extremely frivolous; and that M. *Le Clerc*, does nothing but heap up a Parcel of Words without coming to the Point, and all that he advances proceeds only from an Equivocation upon the word *Sublime*, which he confounds with the *Sublime Stile*, and which he believes to be entirely opposite to the *simple Stile*. I was resolv'd not to take any notice of it; but my Booksellers having lately by their Importunities got my Consent to a new Edition of my Works, I fancied that Edition might look defective, if I did not show some Symptoms of Life at the Attacks of so celebrated an Adversary. I therefore at length resolv'd to answer it; I thought the best Course I could take, was to add to the Nine Reflections I have already made on *Longinus*, (and wherein I conceive I have sufficiently baffled M. *Perrault*,) a Tenth Reflection, in Answer to the Two Dissertations lately publish'd against me. This is what I am now going to execute. But since M. *Huet* did not cause that Letter to be printed himself, nor ever spoke to me of it in the *French* Academy, where I have the Honour to be his Fellow-Member, and where I often see him; M. *Le Clerc* will pardon me if I look upon him only as my Adversary, and thereby save my self the Uneasiness of writing against so great a Prelate as M. *Huet*, whose Dignity as a Christian I very much revere, and whose Merit and great Learning as a Man of Letters I extremely honour. And therefore to M. *Le Clerc* alone I shall apply my self; and with his good Leave will do it in the following manner;

You

You are then, *Sir*, after all, really of Opinion, that there is nothing of the Sublime in theſe Words of *Geneſis*: GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT. To this I could anſwer in General, without entring into a larger Diſcuſſion; that the Sublime is not properly a Thing to be prov'd and demonſtrated; but that it is a certain Marvelouſneſs which ſeizes us, ſtrikes us, and makes it ſelf be felt; thus it being impoſſible for any body to hear theſe Words pronounc'd ſomewhat Majeſtically, LET THERE BE LIGHT, &c. but he muſt at the ſame time feel a certain Elevation of Soul which pleaſes him, 'tis no longer a Queſtion, whether there be the Sublime in thoſe Words, ſince there indubitably is. If ſome odd humour'd Man ſhould be of another Opinion, we ought not to ſtudy for Reaſons to demonſtrate the contrary to him; but pity his Incapacity and want of Taſte, which hinders him from feeling what every body is inſtantly ſenſible of. This, *Sir*, were ſufficient for me to reply to you, and I am perſwaded that all Men of Senſe would acknowlege, that by theſe few Words I ſhould have made as good an Anſwer as was requiſite. But ſince we are oblig'd to give our Neighbour all the Information we can, to recover him from the Error he is fallen into; I am willing to deſcend to a more particular Detail, and, not hoard up the little Knowledge I may have of the Sublime, to cure you of that Blindneſs which you bring upon your ſelf by too much Confidence in your great and high-flown Erudition.

Before I go any farther, give me leave, *Sir*, to ask you how it comes to paſs, that ſo ingenious a Man as you are, when you deſign'd to write againſt ſo conſiderable a Paſſage of my Preface, as that which you attack, is, did not take the Pains to read that Paſſage, for it does not appear that you fix your Attention at all upon it. For if you had read it, if you

had examin'd it somewhat narrowly, would you have said as you do, That as a Proof that these Words have nothing of the Sublime, they are not in the Sublime Stile, because they are not deliver'd in big Words, but expreſt with very great Simplicity? Have I not prevented your Objection, when I aver as I do in that same Preface; that by the Sublime in this Passage, *Longinus* does not mean what we call the Sublime Stile, but that Marvellousneſs, that Extraordinarineſs, which is often found in the most simple Words, and the very Simplicity whereof does sometimes make the Sublimity? which you so little understood, that at some Pages distance, instead of concurring that there is the Sublime in the Words which *Moses* makes *God* pronounce in the Beginning of *Geneſis*, you pretend that if *Moses* had us'd the Sublime therein, he had offended againſt all Rules of Art, which requires a Beginning to be simple, and without Affectation; all which is very true, but does by no means imply that there ought not to be the Sublime therein; the Sublime not being oppoſite to the Simple, and there being oftentimes nothing more Sublime than the Simple it self, as I have already shewn you, and of which, if you still doubt, I will convince you, by Four or Five Examples, which I defy you to answer. I shall not go far to do this. *Longinus* himself furniſhes me with an admirable Proof of it in the Chapter from whence I have taken this Tenth Reflection. For treating therein of that Sublime which ariſes from the Greatneſs of the Thought, after having laid down that none but great Men, properly speaking, are capable of saying great and extraordinary Things. *Obſerve for Example*, adds he, *what Answer* Alexander *made, when* Darius *ſent an Offer to him of one half of* Asia, *in Marriage with his Daughter. For my part, ſaid* Parmenio *to him, were I* Alexander, *I would accept thoſe Offers. And*

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ſo would I, reply'd that Prince, were I Parmenio. Are theſe big Words? Can any thing be ſaid more natural, more ſimple, and leſs affected? Does *Alexander* open his Mouth wide to ſpeak them? and yet muſt it not be granted, that the whole Grandeur of *Alexander*'s Soul is therein diſplay'd? To this Example I ſhall add another of the ſame Nature, which I produc'd in the Preface of my laſt Edition of *Longinus*; and I will now quote it in the ſame Terms as it is therein deliver'd, that it may the better appear that I do not talk at random, when I ſay that M. *Le Clerc* did not give himſelf the Trouble to read it. Theſe are my Words. In the Tragedy of *Horace*, written by the famous P. *Corneille*, a Woman who had been preſent at the Combat of the Three *Horatii*, with the Three *Curiatii*, but went away from the Place too ſoon, and had not ſeen the end of it, came over haſtily to old *Horace* their Father, and told him Two of his Sons were kill'd, and that the Third finding he was not able to make any Reſiſtance, fled away. Upon which, the old *Roman*, full of Love to his Country, without mourning for the Loſs of his Two Sons, who had died ſo gloriouſly, grieves only for the ſhameful Flight of the laſt, who, ſays he, by ſo baſe an Action, has fix'd an eternal Stain on the Name of *Horace*; and their Siſter who was preſent, ſaying to him, *What would you have had him done againſt Three?* He replies briskly, *Die.* A plain Anſwer, and yet there is no body who hears the word *Die*, but is ſenſible of the Heroic Grandeur contain'd in it, and the Expreſſion is the more Sublime for being ſo ſimple and natural, and becauſe we thereby ſee that the old Hero ſpeaks from the very Bottom of his Soul, and in the Tranſports of a truly *Roman* Reſentment. If inſtead of *Die* he had ſaid, *Let him follow the Example of his Brethren*, or, *Sacrifice his Life to the Intereſt and Glory of his Country*, a great deal

deal of the Force of his Answer had been lost, for 'tis even the Simplicity of it that makes the Dignity. When I made this Remark, did not I, Sir, ruin your Objection even before you had made it? And did I not plainly prove that the Sublime is sometimes to be met with even in the simplest manner of speaking? You'll answer me perhaps that this is a singular Example, and that many such can't be produc'd. There is however another which I find in the *Medea* of the same *Corneille*, where that famous Enchantress boasting, that tho' she is alone, and abandon'd by every body, yet she will find means to revenge her self of all her Enemies; *Nerina* her Confident says to her,

Shake off the Error that obscures your View,
Weigh well your present Circumstance, consider,
Your Country hates you, and your Spouse is faithless.
What can you set against such Foes?

To which *Medea* answers: —— *My self.*

My self, I say, and that's enough ——

Can it be denied that there is the Sublime, nay the most exalted Sublime in this single Word, *My self?* What therefore is it that strikes us in this Passage, but the audacious Pride of that Magician, and the Confidence she has in her Art? You see, Sir, that it is not the Sublime Stile, nor consequently big Words, which always make the Sublime in a Discourse, and that neither *Longinus* nor my self ever pretended any such thing, which is so true with respect to him, that in his Treatise of the Sublime, among a great many Passages, which he produces to show what he means by Sublime; there are not above Five or Six where-

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in big Words make part of the Sublime. On the contrary, there are a great many which entirely conſiſt of very plain and very ordinary Words: Such for Example, as that Paſſage concerning *Demoſthenes*, ſo eſteem'd, and ſo admir'd by the whole World, where that Orator thus rattles the *Athenians*: *Will you never do any thing elſe but gad up and down the Town to ask one another what News? And pray what greater News can there be than what you ſee? A Man of* Macedon *makes himſelf Maſter of the* Athenians, *and gives the Law to all* Greece. *Is* Philip *dead, ſays one? No, anſwers another, he is only ſick. And what matters it Gentlemen, whether he Live or Die? If Heaven ſhould deliver you from him, you would ſoon make to your ſelves another* Philip. Is there any thing more ſimple, more natural, and leſs turgid than theſe Demands, and Queſtions? And yet who is there that does not feel the Sublime of them? Your ſelf perhaps, Sir; becauſe you don't ſee any big Words in them, nor any of thoſe *Ambitioſa Ornamenta*, wherein you make it to conſiſt, and wherein it ſo little conſiſts, that there is nothing which renders a Diſcourſe more flat and more languid than big Words miſplac'd. Say no more therefore, as you do in ſeveral Places of your Diſſertation, that the Proof that there is no Sublime in the Stile of the Bible, is, that every thing therein is ſpoke without Exaggeration, and with a great deal of Simplicity; ſince it is that very Simplicity which makes the Sublimity of it. Great Words according to skilful Judges, are ſo far from making the entire Eſſence of the Sublime, that there are even in good Writers ſome Sublime Paſſages, the Greatneſs whereof ariſes from the Energic Littleneſs of the Words: as may be ſeen in this Paſſage of *Heroditus*, quoted by *Longinus*: Cleomenes *being become mad, he took a Knife and hack'd his Fleſh into ſmall Pieces, and having thus mangled himſelf he died.*

One

One can ſcarce put together meaner Words than theſe, to *hack one's Fleſh*, and to *mangle one's ſelf*. And yet we feel in them a certain Energic Force, which deſcribing the Horror of the Thing, carries with it ſomewhat of the Sublime.

But theſe are Examples enough to ſhow you that the Simple, and the Sublime in a Diſcourſe, are by no means oppoſite. Now let us examine the Words that are the Subject of our Diſpute: and to make the better Judgment of them, let us conſider them join'd to and connected with thoſe that go before. They are theſe; *In the Beginning*, ſays *Moſes*, *God created the Heaven and the Earth. The Earth was without Form and void. Darkneſs was upon the Face of the Deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the Waters.* Can any thing, ſay you, be more ſimple than this Beginning? It is very ſimple I confeſs, except in thoſe Words, *And the Spirit of God moved upon the Waters*; which have ſomething magnificent, and whoſe elegant and majeſtic Obſcurity makes us conceive a great many things beyond what they ſeem to expreſs. But that is not the Queſtion in hand, let us therefore proceed to the following Words, *Moſes* having thus deliver'd, in a Narration equally ſhort, ſimple, and noble, the Wonders of the Creation, does immediately make it his Buſineſs to diſcover to us the Author of thoſe Wonders; for this Purpoſe therefore that great Prophet well knowing that the beſt way of deſcribing Perſons that are introduc'd, is to make them act; he preſently puts God in Action, and makes him ſpeak. And what does he make him ſay? A very ordinary thing perhaps? No; but the greateſt Thing that ever was ſaid, or can be ſaid, and which none but God alone could ever have ſaid, LET THERE BE LIGHT. Then on a ſudden to ſhow that for the doing of a thing, 'tis ſufficient that God wills it to be done; he adds with a Rapidity, which gives to his very

very Words a Life and Soul, AND THERE WAS LIGHT; intimating thereby, that the very Moment God ſpoke, every thing was in Agitation, every thing was in Motion, every thing obeyed. You will perhaps anſwer me as you do in the pretended Letter of M. *Huet*; that you do not ſee what there is ſo Sublime in this way of ſpeaking, LET THERE BE LIGHT, &c. ſince it is, ſay you, very familiar and very common in the Hebrew Tongue. Indeed, add you, if I ſhould ſay, *When I went abroad, I bid my People follow me, and they follow'd me: I deſir'd my Friend to lend me his Horſe, and he lent him me*; would any one aver that I therein ſaid ſomething that was Sublime? No, doubtleſs, becauſe it was ſaid upon a very frivolous Occaſion, and referring to very inconſiderable Things. But is it poſſible, Sir, that you with all your Knowledge, ſhould be yet to learn what the leaſt Tyro in Rhetoric is not ignorant of, *viz.* in order to judge rightly of what is Beautiful, Sublime, Marvellous, in a Diſcourſe, we are not barely to look upon the Thing ſaid, but the Perſon that ſays it, the Manner it is ſaid in, and the Occaſion on which it is ſaid: In ſhort, we ought to conſider, *non quid ſit, ſed quo loco ſit.* And indeed, who can deny that a Thing ſaid in one place ſhall appear low and mean, and the ſame thing ſaid in another place ſhall become great, noble, Sublime, and more than Sublime? Let, for Example, a Dancing-Maſter ſay to a young Lad whom he teaches, go that way, return, move aſide, ſtop; this is very boyiſh, and ſeems even ridiculous to be told; but let *Apollo*, ſeeing his Son *Phaeton* bewilder'd in the Heavens, in a Chariot which he had the Fool-hardineſs to undertake to guide, let him, I ſay, cry out to his Son at a Diſtance, thoſe or the like Words, it becomes very noble, and very ſublime, as is evident from theſe Words of *Euripides*, quoted by *Longinus*.

Mean

Mean while the Father full of dreadful Care,
Beholds him erring on the Heav'nly Plain;
Shows him again the Way; and from Heav'n's Height
Follows him all he can with Voice and Eyes:
Go there, *says he*, return, aside, stop short.

I could quote you a hundred other Examples of the like Nature, and they offer themselves to me on all sides. I cannot however, in my Opinion, alledge one more convincing, or more demonstrative, than that very one on which we are now disputing. And indeed, let a Master say to his Servant, *Bring me my Cloak*; by adding, *and his Servant brought him his Cloak*, it becomes very mean, not only in the *Greek* Tongue, wherein you say that these ways of speaking are ordinary; but likewise in all other Tongues. On the contrary, if on so great an Occasion as that of the World's Creation, God says, LET THERE BE LIGHT; by adding, AND THERE WAS LIGHT; it becomes not only Sublime, but so much the more Sublime, in that the Terms being very simple, and taken from an ordinary Language, they make us comprehend admirably well, and better than all the big Words that could be us'd; that God was at no more Pains in creating the Light, the Heavens, and the Earth, than a Master is that says to his Servant, *Bring me my Cloak.* How comes it then that this does not strike you? I will tell you, 'tis because being void of pompous Ornaments, and big Words, and prepossess'd as you are, that the Simple Stile is not susceptible of the Sublime, you fancy that it is not possible for true Sublimity to be therein.

Let

Let us now come to your other Proofs. For on a ſudden returning to the Charge, like a Maſter in the Oratorial Art, the better to confound *Longinus* and me, and for ever to ſilence us, you take upon you to tell us what the Sublime is. There are, ſay you, four ſorts of it: the Sublime of *Words*, the Sublime of *Phraſe*, the Sublime of *Thoughts*, and the Sublime of *Things*. I could eaſily puzzle you about this Diviſion, and likewiſe the Definitions which you afterwards give us of your four Sublimes: That Diviſion, and thoſe Definitions not being ſo correct, or ſo exact as you fancy; but not to loſe time, I am willing to admit them all without any Reſtriction. Give me leave only to tell you, that after that Definition of the Sublime of *Things*, you advance the groſſeſt and leaſt maintainable Propoſition in the whole World. For after having ſuppos'd, as you do ſuppoſe very ſolidly, and wherein no body will diſſent from you, *viz.* That great Things are great in themſelves, and by themſelves, and that they make themſelves admir'd independently of the Oratorial Art, you on a ſudden miſtakenly maintain, that in order to be introduc'd into a Diſcourſe, they have no need of any Genius or any Addreſs; and that a Man, tho' he be ever ſo ignorant, or unpolite (theſe are your own Words) if he relates any great thing without Addition or Diminution, may with Juſtice be eſteem'd Eloquent and Sublime. It is true you add, *not that Sublime which* Longinus *is here ſpeaking of.* I don't know what you mean by theſe Words; you'll pleaſe to explain 'em at your Leiſure.

Be it as it will, it follows from your way of Reaſoning, that in order to be a good Hiſtorian (O! wonderful Diſcovery) a Man needs no other Talent than that which *Demetrius Phalereus* attributes to the Painter *Nicias*, which was always to chuſe great Subjects. But is it not on the contrary manifeſt, that to re-

relate a great thing well, much more Wit and Genius is requir'd, than to relate an ordinary thing? and in short, Sir, will your ignorant and unpolite Man, however honest he be, easily find Words worthy of his Subject? Will he so much as know how to put them together, I say put them together, for that is not so easy a matter as some People imagine.

In short, suppose, your Man was a good Grammarian, will he in recounting a marvellous Fact know how to throw into his Discourse all the Clearness, the Delicacy, the Majesty, and what is yet more considerable, all the Simplicity which is necessary to a good Narration? Will he know how to chuse the grand Circumstances? Will he know how to reject the superfluous ones? In describing the Passage of the Red Sea, will he not amuse himself like the * Poet, whom I mention in my Art of Poetry, (*Canto* 4.) in describing a Child,

Who to his Mother, with his little Hand,
Offers the shining Pebbles from the Sand.

In a word, will he, like *Moses*, know how to say all that he should say, and to omit what is fit to be omitted? I see this Objection puts you to a Non-plus; notwithstanding all this, you'll say, I shall never be perswaded that *Moses*, when he writ the Bible, troubled his Head about any of those Graces and little Niceties of the School, for so you call all the great Figures of the Oratorial Art. 'Tis certain *Moses* did not think of it; but the Divine Spirit who inspir'd him, thought of it for him, and made use of 'em

* *St.* Amand.

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accordingly with ſo much the more Art, in that no Art at all is perceiv'd. For there are no falſe Ornaments to be ſeen, nothing of that Puffineſs or vain Pomp of the Declaimers, ſometimes more oppoſite to the true Sublime, than even the Baſeneſs of the moſt abject Words: But every thing therein is full of Senſe, Reaſon and Majeſty. So that the Book of *Moſes* is at the ſame time the moſt Eloquent, the moſt Sublime, and the moſt Simple of all Books. It muſt however be own'd, that it was this Simplicity, tho' ſo admirable, join'd to ſome unpolite Latin Words of the Vulgate, which diſguſted St. *Auſtin* before his Converſion, and put him out of Conceit with that Divine Book; which however afterwards, when he came to look into it more narrowly, and with more enlighten'd Eyes, became the great Object of his Admiration, and his perpetual reading.

But enough of your new Orator, let us reſume the Thread of our Diſcourſe, and ſee what you make of the Suppoſition of your Four Sublimes. To which of theſe Four kinds, ſay you, are we to attribute the Sublime which *Longinus* thought he ſaw in the Paſſage of *Geneſis*? Is it to the Sublime of Words? but that can't be, ſince there is not ſo much as one lofty Word in the Paſſage. Is it the Sublime of Phraſe? The Phraſe is very ordinary and very common and familiar, eſpecially in the *Hebrew* Tongue, which inceſſantly repeats it. Is it to be aſcribed to the Sublime of Thoughts? But inſtead of its containing any Sublimity of Thought, there is not ſo much as a Thought in it. It cannot therefore, conclude you, be aſcrib'd to any thing but the Sublime of Things, wherein *Longinus* will not find his Account, ſince neither Art nor Speech have any ſhare in that Sublime. And thus by your glorious and learned Demonſtration, we have the firſt Words of God in *Geneſis* entirely ſtript of the Sublime, which all Men hi-

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therto thought they perceiv'd in it, and the Beginning of the Bible avow'd to be dull, insipid, and without any Grandeur. But pray observe what different Judgments Men make of Things; for if I were to be ask'd the same Questions which you put to your self, *viz.* What sort of Sublime is to be found in the Passage under Debate; I will not say that there is any one of the Four which you refer to; I will say that they are all Four there in their highest Degree of Perfection.

To begin with the first: tho' there are not in this Passage of *Genesis* any big or swelling Words, (the Terms that the Prophet makes use of, tho' simple, being noble, majestick, suitable to the Subject) yet they are Sublime, and so Sublime, that you could not substitute others without weak'ning the Discourse considerably: If for Example, instead of these Words, GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT; You should put; *The sovereign Master of all things commanded the Light to be form'd; and at the same time that marvellous Work which is called Light was form'd.* How little are these Words when compar'd with the other? As to the second kind, where can we meet with a Phrase or a Turn of Expression more Sublime than that of these Words, GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT, the majestick Sweetness whereof, even in the *Greek*, *Latin* and *French* Translations, does so agreeably strike the Ear of every body who has any Delicacy or Taste? What Effect then would they have had, or rather what would they not have had, if they were pronounc'd in their Original Language by a Mouth that could pronounce them, and heard by Ears that could understand them? As for what you advance, with relation to the Sublime of Thoughts, *viz.* instead of there being any Sublimity of Thought in this Passage admir'd by *Longinus*, there is not so much

much as a Thought in it; ſure you muſt have been out of your Senſes when you talk'd in this manner. How, *Sir*, the Deſign which God entertains, immediately after he had created the Heavens and the Earth; for 'tis God that ſpeaks in this Place; the Deſign I ſay, or the Thought which he conceives of making the Light, does it not appear to you to be a Thought? And pray what is a Thought? if it be not one of the moſt Sublime that could occur to God himſelf; a Thought which was ſo much the more neceſſary, that if it had not occurr'd to God (may He pardon the Expreſſion!) the Work of the Creation had remain'd imperfect, and the Earth continu'd without Form and void, *Terra autem erat inanis & vacua?* Confeſs therefore, *Sir*, that the three firſt kinds of your Sublime are egregiouſly contain'd in the Paſſage of *Moſes*; as for the Sublime of Things, I ſhall ſay nothing to it, ſince you your ſelf own that this Paſſage treats of the greateſt thing that can be made, or ever was made. I know not whether I miſtake or no, but I fancy I have exactly anſwer'd all your Objections drawn from the Four Sublimes.

Don't expect, *Sir*, that I ſhould here anſwer with the ſame Exactneſs, all your rambling Reaſons, and vain Declamations, which you make in the Progreſs of your long Diſcourſe, and eſpecially in the laſt Article of the Letter, aſcrib'd to the Biſhop of *Avranches*, where expreſſing your ſelf in a perplex'd manner, you give Occaſion to your Readers, to imagine that you are perſwaded, that *Moſes* and the reſt of the Prophets, by publiſhing the Praiſes of God, inſtead of heightening his Grandeur, have in a manner debas'd and diſhonour'd it; and all this for want of rightly diſtinguiſhing a very groſs Equivocation, and which may perfectly be underſtood, by only remembring a Principle confeſs'd by every body; which is, that a thing Sublime in the Eyes of

Men, is not for that Reaſon Sublime in the Eyes of God, in whoſe ſight there is nothing truly Sublime but Himſelf, that therefore all theſe figurative Ways of ſpeaking us'd by the Prophets and the Holy Writers to exalt him, when they give him a Face, Ears, Eyes; when they make him walk, run, ſit; when they repreſent him carry'd upon the Wings of the Wind; when they give him Wings himſelf; when they lend him their own Expreſſions, their Actions, their Paſſions, and a thouſand other ſuch like things; all theſe are very little before God, who yet bears with them, and accepts them, becauſe he knows that Human Weakneſs can no otherwiſe praiſe him. At the ſame time it muſt be acknowledg'd, that theſe ſame things preſented to the Eyes of Men, under ſuch Figures and Words, as thoſe of *Moſes* and the other Prophets, are not only not mean, but even become noble, great, marvellous, and in ſome ſort worthy of the Divine Majeſty. From whence it follows, that your Reflections upon the Littleneſs of our Ideas before God, are here very ill plac'd, and that your Criticiſm upon the Words of *Geneſis*, is but very indifferently grounded; ſince it is of that Sublime preſented to the Eyes of Men, that *Longinus* meant and intended, when he ſaid that *Moſes* perfectly well conciev'd the Power of God in the Beginning of his Laws, and that he expreſs'd it accordingly by theſe Words, GOD SAID, &c.

Take my Advice, *Sir*, open your Eyes, don't obſtinately perſiſt in defending againſt *Moſes*, againſt *Longinus*, and againſt the whole Earth, ſo odious a Cauſe as yours is, and which cannot be maintain'd but by Equivocations and falſe Subtleties. Read the Holy Scripture with leſs Confidence in your own Underſtanding, and diveſt your ſelf of that *Calviniſtical* and *Socinian* Haughtineſs, which makes you believe that your Honour is concern'd in preventing

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the World from too haſtily admiring the Beginning of a Book, whoſe every Word and Syllable you your ſelf are forc'd to confeſs ought to be ador'd; and which not only cannot be enough admir'd, but which cannot be too much admir'd. I ſhall ſay no more to you of this Matter; 'tis high time to put an End to this Tenth Reflection, already ſomewhat too long, and which I did not think of carrying ſo far.

However, before I conclude, I thought I could do no leſs than anſwer a pretty reaſonable Objection, which you make to me in the Beginning of your Diſſertation, and which I ſet aſide, that I might anſwer it at the End of my Diſcourſe. You ask me in this Objection, how I happen'd (in my Tranſlation of the Paſſage of *Geneſis*, cited by *Longinus*) to omit the Monoſyllable τί; *what?* ſince it is in *Longinus*'s Text, which runs thus; GOD SAID, WHAT? LET THE LIGHT BE MADE. To this I anſwer in the firſt place, that this Monoſyllable is certainly none of *Moſes*'s, but belongs entirely to *Longinus*, who to prepare the Grandeur of the Thing which God is going to expreſs, after theſe Words, GOD SAID, put this Queſtion to himſelf, WHAT? then adds on a ſudden, LET THERE BE LIGHT. In the ſecond place I ſay, that I omitted this *What*? becauſe I thought it would not look graceful in *French*, and would not only have ſomewhat ſpoil'd the Words of the Scripture, but might have given Occaſion to ſome learned Men, like your ſelf, to pretend (as hath actually happen'd) that *Longinus* did not read the Paſſage of *Geneſis*, in that which is call'd the *Septuagint*, but in ſome other Verſion where the Text was corrupted. I have not the ſame Scruple for thoſe other Words, which the ſame *Longinus* inſerts likewiſe in the Text, when to thoſe Words,

LET THERE BE LIGHT, he adds, LET THE EARTH BE MADE, AND THE EARTH WAS MADE; for that does no harm, and is only spoken through a superabundance of Admiration, which every body may perceive. I must however confess, that in Strictness I ought to have fix'd this Note to my Translation before, but let it suffice that I have done it now.

RE-

REFLECTION XI.

The Words of LONGINUS, Chap. XXVI.

Let ARISTOTLE *and* THEOPHRASTUS, *to excuse the Boldneſs of thoſe Figures, think it is convenient to ſoften 'em, by ſaying*; If I may ſo ſay, If I durſt make uſe of theſe Terms, To ſpeak a little more boldly, *&c.*

THE Advice of theſe two Philoſophers is excellent, but it is of Uſe only in Proſe; for theſe Excuſes are ſeldom admitted in Verſe, in which they'd have ſomething dry and languid; becauſe Poetry carries its Excuſe along with it. Wherefore, in my Opinion, to judge rightly whether a Figure in Verſe be not too bold, the beſt way is to put it in Proſe, with ſome of theſe Softnings; ſince if this Softning takes from it what is ſhocking, it ſhould not ſhock us in Verſe, tho deſtitute of that Softning.

M. *de la Motte*, my Companion in the *French* Academy, is therefore in the wrong in his Treatiſe of the ODE, when he accuſes the illuſtrious M. *Racine*, of expreſſing himſelf with too much Boldneſs in his Tragedy of *Phædra*, where the Governour of *Hippolitus*, deſcribing the terrible Monſter, which *Neptune* had ſent to frighten the Horſes of that young unhappy Prince, uſes this Hyperbole,

The Wave that brought him, terrify'd, retires;

since every one must allow that this Hyperbole might do even in Prose, with a, *If I may so say*, or, *If I durst make use of those Terms.*

Besides, *Longinus*, after the Passage I here set down, adds a few Words, which justify the Verse in hand much better than all I have said. Here they are: *This Excuse* (according to the Opinion of those two celebrated Philosophers) *is an infallible Remedy against Boldness of Expression*; *and I am of the same Mind: But however I will stand by what I have said already*; *that the most natural Remedy against the Abundance and Boldness, either of Metaphors or other Figures, is never to use 'em, unless 'tis to the Purpose*; *I mean in the great Passions, and in the Sublime.* In effect, if what *Longinus* says in that Passage be true, M. *Racine* has entirely gain'd the Cause; cou'd he have employ'd the Boldness of his Metaphor in a Circumstance more considerable and sublime, than in the terrible Arrival of that Monster, or in the midst of a more lively Passion, than that which he gives to that unfortunate Governour of *Hippolitus*, whom he represents full of an Horror and Consternation, which, by his Relation, he in a manner communicates to the Audience it self; so that by the Emotion he gives 'em, he leaves 'em no Opportunity to find fault with the Boldness of his Figure. And it has been observed, that when-ever the Tragedy of *Phædra* was acted, far from seeming shock'd at this Verse;

The Wave that brought him, terrify'd, retires;

there was a sort of an Acclamation; an inconteſtible Token that it was truly Sublime, at least, if we may believe what *Longinus* in several Places attests, and especially at the End of the Sixteenth Chapter, in these Words: *For when in a great Number of Persons, of different Professions and Ages, and who have no Re-*

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ſemblance either of Humours or Inclinations, every one is equally ſtruck with any one part of a Diſcourſe, that uniform Judgment and Approbation of ſo many Minds, ſo contrary in other Caſes, is a certain and undoubted Proof that there is the Marvellous and Great in it.

Yet Monſieur *de la Motte* ſeems very much to differ from theſe Sentiments, ſince, forgetting the Acclamations, which I am ſure, he himſelf, (as well as I) has often heard at the Repreſentation of *Phædra*, at the Verſe he attacks, he advances that that Verſe is intollerable, alledging for one of the Reaſons which hinder its being good, the very Reaſon which proves it to be good; I mean the Grief *Theramenes* is in. 'Tis ſhocking, ſays he, to ſee a Man ſo grieved as *Theramenes* is, be ſo attentive to his Deſcription, and ſo nice in his Terms. I ſhou'd deſire M. *de la Motte* to let us know what he means by, *ſo attentive to his Deſcription, and ſo nice in his Terms*; ſince there is no Term in the Verſe of M. *Racine*, but what's very common: But if he only means by it to impute too much Affectation and Boldneſs to the Figure, whereby *Theramenes* gives a Sentiment of Terror even to the Wave, which caſt on Shore the Monſter ſent by *Neptune*, his Objection is much leſs reaſonable; ſince there is no Figure more common in Poetry, than to animate inanimate Things, and to give 'em Sentiment, Life and Paſſions. Perhaps M. *de la Motte* will ſay that, this is true when the Poet ſpeaks, becauſe he is ſuppos'd to be ſeized with Fury, but that the Caſe is different when Perſonages are made to ſpeak. I confeſs, theſe Perſonages are not commonly ſuppos'd to be ſeized with Fury; but they may be ſeized with ſome other Paſſion, as *Theramenes* is, which may well make 'em utter things no leſs ſtrong and exaggerated, than a Poet ſeiz'd with Fury. Thus *Æneas*, in the Grief he is in, at the Beginning of the Second Book of the *Æneid*, when he

he relates the miſerable End of his Country, does not yield in Boldneſs of Expreſſion to *Virgil* himſelf; to ſuch a Degree, that comparing himſelf to a great Tree, which ſome Husbandmen endeavour to cut down, he is not contented with lending Anger to the Tree; but he likewiſe makes it threaten the Husbandmen. *The angry Tree*, ſays he, *threatens them, ſhaking his Leafy Head*:

Illa uſque minatur;

Et tremefacta comam concuſſo vertice nutat.

I might here bring in an infinite Number of Examples, and ſtill ſay a thouſand things of the ſame Force upon this Subject; but I think this enough to open the Eyes of M. *de la Motte*, and to put him in mind, that when a Paſſage ſtrikes every body, we ſhou'd not ſeek for Reaſons, or rather vain Subtleties, to hinder our ſelves from being ſtruck with it; but rather be ſo ingenious, as to approve of the Reaſons that are given why we are ſo ſtruck. I ſhall ſay no more at preſent. However, that all I have ſaid here in favour of M. *Racine*, may be the better underſtood; I think I ſhall do well to give the Paſſage in hand entire, before I conclude this Reflection. Here 'tis.

Mean time by mighty Guſts a humid Mountain

Is raiſed upon the liquid Plains broad Back.

The Wave approaches, roars, and in our ſight

Vomits amongſt the Froth a furious Monſter.

His ſpacious Front is arm'd with threatning Horns.

With yellow Scales is his whole Body cover'd.

Un-

Unconquerable Bull, impetuous Dragon!
In winding Folds, his hinder Parts deſcend.
His dreadful Bellowings make the Shoar to tremble.
The Heav'ns with Horror view the Savage Monſter.
The Earth's diſturb'd, the Air infected with him.
The Wave that brought him, terrify'd, retires.

RE-

REFLECTION XII.

The Words of LONGINUS, Chap. V.

Every thing that's truly Sublime, has this Property in it; when we hear it, it elevates the Soul, and gives it a higher Opinion of it self; filling it with Joy, and a certain noble Pride, as if it had it self brought forth the Things which it only heard.

THIS is a very fine Deſcription of the Sublime, and ſo much the finer, as that it is it ſelf very Sublime. But this is but a Deſcription; and it don't appear that *Longinus* in all his Treatiſes, ever thought of giving us an exact Definition of it. The Reaſon is, he wrote after *Cecilius*, who, as he himſelf ſays, employ'd his whole Book to define and ſhew what the Sublime is. But *Cecilius*'s Book being loſt, I believe it won't be taken amiſs, if I here venture one of my own, which will at leaſt give ſome Idea of it. Thus, then, I think it may be defined. *The Sublime is a certain Strength of Diſcourſe, proper to elevate and raviſh the Soul, which proceeds either from Grandeur of Thought, and Nobleneſs of Sentiment, or from Magnificence in Words, or harmonious, lively and animated Turn of Expreſſion, that is from one of theſe Things regarded ſeparately, or, which is the perfect Sublime, from all theſe Things together.*

It

It appears, that according to the Rules, I ought to give an Example of each of these three things. But there are so many produced in the Treatise of *Longinus*, and in my Tenth Reflection, that I think I had better refer my Reader to them, that he may chuse which he likes best. Yet I don't think I can well omit proposing some one, wherein all these three things are perfectly united. For there are not very many. M. *Racine* offers me an admirable one in the first Scene of his *Athalia*, where *Abner*, one of the principal Officers of the Court of *Judah*, represents to *Joab* the High-Priest, the Fury *Athalia* is in against him and all the Levites; adding that he did not believe that that haughty Princess wou'd long defer attacking God, even *in his very Sanctuary*. To which that High-Priest answers unmoved:

He that can put a Bridle on the Waves,
Can likewise break the Plots of wicked Men.
Respectfully submissive to his Will,
'Tis God I fear, dear Abner, *and none else.*

All the Parts of the Sublime seem collected into these Four Verses; Grandeur of Thought, Nobleness of Sentiment, Magnificence of Words, and Harmony of Expression, so successfully concluded by this last Verse. *'Tis God I fear*, &c. From whence I infer, that 'tis with very little Ground that the extravagant Admirers of *Corneille*, wou'd fain insinuate, that M. *Racine* is much inferior to him as to the Sublime; since, without bringing several other Proofs that I cou'd give to the contrary, I don't think that all that Greatness of Roman Vertue so much boasted, which the former has so well express'd in several of his Plays, and which have gain'd him such excessive Reputation; is above the more than Heroick Intrepedity and the perfect Confidence in God, of that truly pious, great, wise and courageous *Israelite*.

A

DISCOURSE

Upon the

STYLE

OF

INSCRIPTIONS.

Monſ. Charpentier *of the* French *Academy, having compos'd ſome Inſcriptions that were full of Emphaſis, which were put by the King's Order at the Bottom of the Paintings of that Prince's Victories, in the great Gallery of* Verſailles, *by M.* le Brun; *M.* de Louvois, *who ſucceeded to M.* Colbert, *in the Office of Surveyor of the Works, let his Majeſty know that thoſe Inſcriptions very much diſpleas'd every body: and the better to ſhew him that 'twas with good Reaſon, deſir'd me to write a Word or two concerning it, which he might ſhew the King. I did it immediately. His Majeſty read it with Pleaſure, and approved it. So that the Seaſon calling him to* Fontainebleau, *he gave Orders, that in his Abſence all thoſe pompous Declamations of M.* Charpentier *ſhou'd be ſtruck out, and that the ſimple Inſcriptions that now ſtand, which M.* Racine *and I compos'd almoſt upon the Spot,*

Spot, and which were approv'd by every body, might be put in. 'Tis this Writing, made at the Requeſt of M. de Louvois, *that I now give the Public.*

INSCRIPTIONS ought to be ſimple, ſhort, and familiar. Pomp and Multitude of Words are ſuperfluous, and not proper in the grave Style, which is the true Style of Inſcriptions. 'Tis abſurd to make a Declamation round a Medal, or at the Bottom of a Picture; eſpecially when the Subject is ſuch Actions as thoſe of the King, which being in themſelves great and wonderful, have no need of being exaggerated.

It is ſufficient to relate things ſimply to make 'em admir'd. *The Paſſage of the Rhine* expreſſes a great deal more, than *the wonderful Paſſage of the Rhine.* The Epithet *Wonderful* in this Place, far from augmenting the Action, diminiſhes it, and ſavours of a Declaimer, that has a mind to make ſmall things appear great. The Buſineſs of the Inſcription is to ſay, *this is the Paſſage of the Rhine*; the Reader can ſay of himſelf, *the Paſſage of the Rhine is one of the moſt wonderful Actions that ever was done in War.* He'll ſay it ſo much the more willingly, as the Inſcription did not ſay it before him; Men naturally hating to have their Judgment prevented, or to be obliged to admire what they will admire ſufficiently of themſelves.

Beſides, as the Pictures in the Gallery of *Verſailles*, are a ſort of Heroical Emblems of the Actions of the King, the only Hiſtorical Fact which gave Occaſion to the Emblem, ought to be put at the Bottom of the Picture, according to theſe Rules. The Picture ought

ought to ſpeak the reſt, and explain it ſelf. Thus, for Example, when we have put at the Bottom of the firſt Picture, *The King takes the Conduct of his Kingdom upon himſelf, and gives himſelf entirely up to his Affairs*; 1661. It will be eaſy to conceive the Deſign of the Picture, wherein we ſee the King very young, waking in the midſt of a Crowd of Pleaſures which ſurround him, and laying his Hand on a Helm, prepares to follow Glory, which calls him, *&c.*

Further, this Simplicity in Inſcriptions is extremely in the Taſte of the Ancients, as may be ſeen in Medals, wherein they are often ſatisfy'd with putting the Date of the Action deſcrib'd, or the Conſulate under which it was perform'd, or at moſt two Words, which teach us the Subject of the Medal. 'Tis true, the Latin Tongue in this Simplicity has a Grandeur and Energy, which it is hard to hit in our Language. But if we cannot come up to it, we muſt endeavonr to come near it; at leaſt not to load our Inſcriptions with a Verboſity, and a Puffineſs of Words, which is bad enough any where, but inſupportable here.

Add to all this, that theſe Pictures being in the King's Apartment, and having been painted by his Order; 'tis in a manner the King himſelf that ſpeaks to thoſe who come to view his Gallery. For theſe Reaſons a great Simplicity has been endeavour'd at in the New Inſcriptions, wherein, properly ſpeaking, only the Title and Date are put, and wherein Pomp and Oſtentation are particularly avoided.

New

New EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

On my Brother's Book, *Intitled*, Hiſtoria Flagellantium, ſive de recto & perverſo uſu flagrorum apud Chriſtianos; *i. e. The Hiſtory of* Scourging, *or an Account of the good and bad uſe of it amongſt Chriſtians.*

Miſtake not, Fathers, read it once again;
These Writings were not meant t'abuſe
The ſalutary Wounds you uſe,
Nor ridicule the wholeſome Pains
By which your zealous Patience Heav'n obtains;
It only blames the ſad abuſe,
That when your ſelves, your ſelves chaſtiſe,
You weild the Whip before our Eyes
Which Modeſty in private bids you uſe.
This Book does only that falſe Piety aſſail,
Which under Pennance's egregious Vail,

Does by that very Pennance oft infeſt
With Sparks of Luſt the puniſht Sinners Breaſt.

To the Preſident * * * *Lady, who ſent me the Picture of Father* BOURDALOUE.

TO ſend me, Madam, in this Picture here,
The greateſt Man that ever fill'd the Chair!
My Admiration never will have done;
This Preſent is a Thouſand Gifts in one!
I knew the famous BOURDALOUE when young,
And melted at the Muſick of his Tongue;
Nor did he ſlight the Fancies of my Youth,
But ſcorn'd my Cenſurers, and prais'd my Truth.
In ſhort, beſides ARNAULD, in *France*, 'twas he
Whom I did moſt Admire, and who did moſt Love me.

A Drinking SONG *made at* 17 *Years of Age, having juſt finiſh'd my Courſe of Philoſophy.*

COme Philoſphers, come you that boaſt in your (Learning,
You that hate jolly BACCHUS, come yield to his (warning,
Your Learning is little, and little your Knowledge,
Come tope it about, you old Drones of the College;

He that balks a full Glaſs renounces his Learning,
But he that drinks deep is by much more diſcerning,
When we call for a Song in the midſt of a Feaſt,
Or want to be rouz'd by ſome pleaſant Jeſt,

The Doctor is puzzl'd in ſpight of his *Greek*,
Whilſt all ſpeak in Praiſe of the Humorous Rake.
Your Learning is little, and little your Knowledge,
Come tope it about you old Sots of the College.

A Burleſque Parodie of the firſt Ode of PINDAR, *in Praiſe of M.* PERRAULT *.

BREBEUF in well deſerving Lines,
Thro' all his Rubbiſh often ſhines.
And now and then a noble Thought,
In CHAPLAIN's gouty Verſe is wrought.
But, O my faithful Lyre would'ſt thou,
A perfect Piece of Dulneſs ſhow,
Seek not in Heaven for a Star
To blaze beyond APOLLO's Car,
Nor in the World below look out,
Amidſt the ſtupid ſcribbling Rout,
For one in Dullneſs to be tried,
With him who ſings the † *Aſs's Hide.*

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* *The Author deſign'd to have Burleſqu'd the whole Ode, but he and M.* Perrault *being reconcil'd in the mean time, he went no further than the firſt* Stanza.

† *M.* Perrault *wrote the Tale of the* Aſs's Hide.

On HOMER.

Ηειδον μεν εγων; εχαραξαν δε Θειος Ομηρος *.

Cantabam quidem Ego; ſcribebat autem Dius HOMERUS.

THE *tuneful Siſters* at APOLLO's call
To read the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* met,
They met, and read, and ſtraightways one and all
Judg'd both were Juſt, and both were Great;
The *God of Wit*, with Pleaſure and Concern
Sate liſtning to the Muſe's Praiſe,
Learn then ſaid he, a mighty Secret learn,
Which the World knows not yet, the Work betrays.
Time was, when lab'ring with Poetick Fire,
Beneath yon Grove of Laurels laid,
With only HOMER once I did retire,
And there theſe wondrous Poems made:
The POEMS both are mine, mine ev'ry Thought,
HOMER but Copied, what APOLLO wrote.

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* *A Verſe out of the* Anthologia Græca.

A RIDDLE.

SWorn Foe to Sleep I am, and many a Time
Thouſands of Lovers wiſh their Lot was mine,
On Blood * I batten, and my Life depends
Upon the very Hand by which it ends.

VERSES *to put under the Picture of M.* RACINE.

THe Pride and Honour of the *Gallick* Stage,
In whom all SOPHOCLES ſhone out reveal'd,
He won away our Souls in every Page,
Equal'd CORNEILLE, EURIPIDES excell'd.

On the Poet S—— *reciting his own Verſes.*

WHen with ſtiff Air, and awkward Grace,
And rueful mortifying Face,

---

* *A Flea.*

I hear this Monk his Rhimes rehearſe,
Rhimes that * Lampoon the *Saints* in Verſe,
And ſee him wring his Hands amain,
Diſtort his Jaws, and roar, and ſtrain,
To me ſo helliſhly it ſeems,
As if in Pennance for his Crimes,
Satan to *Saints* were chaunting *Hymns.*

An Imitation of MARTIAL.

Nuper erat Medicus, *&c.*

PAULUS the famous *Quack*, renown'd afar,
For killing more than Peſtilence or War,
Of late in *Orders*, is a *Curate* made,
And *Buries* People, *not to change his Trade.*

On Monſieur PERRAULT.

'TIs ſaid that JUNO, JUPITER, and MARS,
With the *bright God of Wit and Verſe*,

* *He wrote* Latin *Hymns, in Praiſe of the Saints.*

VENUS, the *Graces*, and their ſmiling Train,
And all the Gods begot by HOMER's Brain,
In Council to revenge their Father met,
Great is thy Danger, PERRAULT, mighty Great.
A League ſo dreadful, how canſt thou ſuſtain?
For tho' * VISE', 'tis true, to eaſe your Pain,
Aſſures you MERCURY, is of your ſide,
On his Aſſiſtance don't too much confide,
Tho' ne'er ſo much he boaſt, ſo loud he rant,
Alas, he's but the *Mercury Gallant*.

VERSES *to put under the Picture of the Duke of* MAINE, *as yet a Child, who had publiſh'd a Volume of Letters with his Effigies prefix'd, in the garb of* APOLLO, *with a Crown on his Head.*

IN charming Infancy's diſguiſe
Whence does this new APOLLO riſe,
Who from the Cradle's tender Bed
So ſoon would Reign on PINDUS Head?

* *Author of the* Mercury Gallant.

What

What *Graces* here their Charms diſplay!
What Beauties in his Features play!
The *Crown* and *Lawrel* he has won,
Already ſpeak the Hero's Son,
In him already we admire
The Spirit of his *God-like Sire*,
And even in his Writings lies
The brightneſs of his *Mother's Eyes*.

On the SPEECH *of a Magiſtrate, who inveigh'd againſt Sollicitors at Law.*

WHen in the Senate, honeſt PAUL,
Againſt Sollicitors you Bawl,
I'm pleas'd to hear you uſe them ill,
Their Quirks and Frauds deſerve it well,
But what alas have our Ears done
To be thus with your Speeches ſtunn'd?

VERSES *put under my Picture, that was ill Grav'd.*

THe Poet BOILEAU's Picture here you ſee
What! How! The famous Critick! Is this he?
How ſow'r his Looks! (No ſmiling Graces dawn)
Why 'tis to ſee himſelf ſo vilely drawn.

On ONE that delighted in Clock-work.

SIx Clocks, Two Watches, to prepare,
And Three poor Dials rightly ſquare
LUBIN has been (t'his Praiſe be't ſaid)
This Four and Thirty Years employ'd,
But does he profit by his Pains?
No doubt he does, for in all *France*
We may affirm without a Jeſt
He knows his Time the very beſt.

On

On the Waters of Bourbon, *which when the Author was drinking, an indifferent Poet ſhew'd him ſome of his Verſes.*

He Addreſſes himſelf to the WELL.

YES thou mayſt Apoplexies cure,
And make the loathſome Leper pure,
Thy Spring on Min'ral Beds that rills,
May purge the moſt invet'rate Ills.
But ſince I have ſuch Verſes ſeen
This inauſpicious tireſome Day,
'Twere Folly and Untruth to ſay,
That *Bourbon*'s Spring inſpires, like that of *Hippocrene.*

Upon my PICTURE.

My Friend M. LE VERRIER, *wrote the Four following Verſes under my Picture, engraven by M.* DREVET, *making me ſpeak thus.*

MY *Rhime unforc'd attends to Reaſons Call,*
Still Imitating, ſtill Original,
Learned,

Learned, Sublime, and Gay in all I write,
I *PERSIUS, HORACE, JUVENAL* unite.

To which I Anſwer'd.

Yes, VERRIER, this my Picture is,
Nor is the Likeneſs drawn amiſs,
The Painter's Hand has nicely hit,
The Foe profeſs'd of all Falſe Wit.
But did I ſpeak the Lines which you
Have put unjuſtly in my Mouth,
Surely no Man would know BOILEAU,
Or take him for a Friend to Truth.

On a Marble Buſto *of the Author, made by Monſ.* GIRARDON *chief Statuary to the King.*

THanks to the mighty PHIDIAS of our Age,
In ſpight of Time or Envy's waſteful Rage,
Altho' my Verſe and Name be in Oblivion caſt,
Long as the World, I now am ſure to laſt,
BOILEAU in Marble by GIRARDON rais'd,
In after Ages ſhall be Seen and Prais'd.

ADVERTISEMENT

CONCERNING AN

OPERA.

MAdam *de M—*, and Madam *de T—* her Sister, being tir'd with Mr. QUINAUT's *Opera's*, engag'd the King to employ M. RACINE in writing one, and M. RACINE accordingly made them a sort of slight Promise to comply with their Desires; little thinking at that Time of what had been always his Opinion as well as mine, that there was no such Thing as writing a good *Opera:* Because that Narration was inconsistent with Musick, and that the Passions cannot be drawn in their full extent; besides that oftentimes the most Sublime and bold Expressions cannot enter into a Song. This when he told me of his Engagement I represented to him; he presently own'd I was in the right, but said, he was too far engag'd to recede from his Promise. So that he immediately sate about an *Opera* call'd the *Fall of* PHAETON, some Verses he compos'd and repeated to the King, who seem'd well pleas'd with them. But as M. RACINE undertook this Work unwillingly, he told me positively he would never pretend to go through with it, unless I would assist him in it, and particularly that I should write the Pro-

Prologue. 'Twas in vain for me to object to him, how contrary a Work of that Nature was to my Genius, or to bid him conſider that I had never wrote any Love Verſes. He perſiſted in his Reſolution, and told me if I refus'd him, he would make uſe of the King's Authority. This made me think with my ſelf, what I ſhould do in Caſe I were forc'd to this Work. And for a Trial, without telling it to any one; no, not M. RACINE himſelf, I drew the Plan of a Prologue, and compos'd the firſt Scene of it. The Subject was this, *Poetry and Muſick* in a diſpute about each others Art, diſagreed ſo highly that they were about parting, when on a ſudden the *Goddeſs* HARMONY dreſs'd out in all her Charms and Graces, deſcends from Heav'n and reconciles them. After this ſhe was to ſay what brought her upon Earth, which was nothing but a deſire of diverting the PRINCE of all the World, the worthieſt to be ſerv'd, and to whom ſhe was moſt oblig'd. Seeing he maintain'd her with ſo much Splendor in *France*, where her Power was conſpicuous in all Things. To this ſhe added, that in order to hinder any ambitious Man's riſing againſt ſo great a PRINCE, and diſturbing the Glory which ſhe ſhar'd with him; it was her Contrivance that at that very inſtant her Servants ſhould repreſent the *Fall of ambitious* PHAETON. And accordingly, the Poets and Muſicians went immediately out to dreſs themſelves. This was the Deſign of my Prologue, at which I labour'd pretty much againſt my Will for three or four Days, whilſt M. RACINE with as little Pleaſure wrought at the Plan of his *Opera*, about which I was pretty free to him of my Advice. Thus wretchedly were we employ'd, and I doubt if after all we ſhould have come off with Succeſs, when a lucky Accident brought us off. It was this, M. QUINAUT came to the King with Tears in his Eyes, repreſenting how grievous 'twould be

to

to him, if he ſhould be diſcarded from ſerving his Majeſty. The King compaſſionating him, told the Ladies before mention'd, that he would not afflict him ſo deeply. *Sic nos ſervavit* APOLLO. So that Monſieur RACINE, and my ſelf return'd to our old Employments, and not a Word more paſs'd of our *Opera*, of which there remain'd but ſome few Verſes of M. RACINE, which were not found amongſt his Papers after his Death, he having probably deſtroy'd them out of a ſcruple of Conſcience for their being Love-verſes. As for what I wrote, there being nothing of Love in it, I do not only not think fit to ſuppreſs it, but do here offer it to the Publick; in hopes 'twill divert the Reader, who will not perhaps be diſpleas'd to ſee what Method I took to fall from the ſtrenuous bitterneſs of Satire, to the gentle ſweetneſs of this kind of Verſe. Of this he may judge by the following Fragment, which I preſent him with ſo much the more Confidence, becauſe of its ſhortneſs, which will at leaſt not give him room to be tir'd with, if he be not diverted by it.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

POETRY and MUSICK.

POETRY.

AND doſt thou *Muſick* think to charm?
Doſt thou the Paſſions think to warm?
By force of feeble Melody
And ſenſeleſs Sound ſo well as I.

MUSICK.

When PHOEBUS fires thee I pretend
Sweetneſs to thy Strength to lend.

POETRY.

Yes, where Silver Streams run purling,
Round their Verdant Margins curling,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds lay their Heads
On Moſſy Banks and Flowry Beds,
Far from danger, far from harm,
The Nymphs and Shepherds thou mayſt charm.
But when my nobler Fury ſings
The Wrath of Gods, and God-like Kings,

I want not thy Aſſiſtance there,
Give over thy ambitious Care.
Thy Labours there will never reliſh;

MUSICK.

Thy greateſt Pieces I embelliſh.

POETRY.

When my Epick Strains reſound,
Thy weaker Voice unheard is drown'd.

MUSICK.

Yet at that Voice the time has been,
When Rocks and Woods were dancing ſeen.

POETRY.

Let not ſo much Pride deceive you,
Leaſt this Moment I ſhould leave you,
To try what you, what feeble you,
When I am gone have Pow'r to do.

MUSICK.

I ſhall have Pow'r ſtill to warm,
I ſhall have Pow'r ſtill to charm,
And when you are gone, my Song,
Will be more ſweet, altho' leſs ſtrong.

POETRY.

Well then, Sister, trust thy Art,
From this Moment let us part.

MUSICK.

From this Moment let us part.

CHORUS *of Poets and Musicians.*

From this Moment let us part.

POETRY.

But what Pow'r do I feel,
That stays me here against my Will?

MUSICK.

What Goddess does yon Darkness shrowd?
What Goddess breaks from yonder Cloud?

POETRY.

What Notes Celestial do I hear!
What Melody invades my Ear!

MUSICK.

Ah! I know her well, 'tis she,
'Tis the Goddess Harmony.

POETRY.

Her Looks, her Motion, how divine!
What Glories round her Temples ſhine!

MUSICK.

What happy Cauſe ſay, Siſter, ſay,
Does the Goddeſs here convey.

POETRY.

Let our Anger, let it ceaſe,
I receive Her here in Peace.

CHORUS *of Poets and Muſicians.*

Let our Anger, *&c.*

TO
Monſ. *LE VERRIER.*

DOES your Anger ſtill remain, Sir, about the little Complaiſance I ſhew'd you yeſterday? No, certainly, it does not, and I am perſwaded that you now approve my Reaſons. However, ſuppoſing you were ſtill angry, I offer my ſelf to come to you this very Noon, and prove, Glaſs in Hand, by more than one Argument in Form, that ſuch a one as I is not obliged to prefer his Pleaſure to his Health, nor to ſtay Supper, even with the beſt Company in the World, when he finds it may incommode him, and when he has for his Excuſe Sixty Six Reaſons, ſo good and allowable as thoſe which Old Age with his heavy Fingers has thrown upon my Head. And to begin my Proof, I'll repeat to you theſe Verſes of *Horace* to *Mæcenas*,

Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,
Mæcenas, veniam.

And in Caſe you'd have me conclude my Demonſtration, invite me,

Si validus, ſi lætus eris, ſi denique poſces.

Elſe

Elſe order me to be ſhut out of your Houſe. I had rather not ſet foot into it, than meet with an ill Reception. Further, I have carefully read your Complaint againſt the *Tuileries*, and I have met with ſuch well turn'd Verſes in it, that really I cou'd not help having a Moment's Poetic Jealouſy againſt you. So that in handling the Subject over again, I rather endeavour'd to out-do than reform you. 'Tis this Jealouſy that made me put the Piece in the Condition you now find it. Take the Pains to read it.

A Complaint againſt the *TUILERIES*.

THou charming Scene, whom Flora's *Powers adorn,*
Where Zephyr *breaths upon each riſing Morn,*
Where muſing Lovers ſigh in ſhady Seats,
And ſooth their Sorrows in thy ſoft Retreats;
Ceaſe to recal into my Soul enrag'd,
The former Tranſports, which that Soul engag'd.
Well I remember in that Ancient Grove,
Firſt I beheld the Object of my Love,
There Phyllis *frequently diſpell'd my Fears,*
And ſtopt with one ſweet Word my Sighs and Tears;
When with a gracious Eye the lovely Maid
Preſented to my Sight a Heav'n diſplay'd.
But now, unjuſt Abodes, too well I know
Your private Shades for my curſt Rival grow;
To him ye all your deep Receſſes lend,
On him your Waters, and your Groves attend;

There on ſome Flow'ry Bank the charming Dame
By him embrac'd, derides my idle Flame,
Inſults my Woes, and triumphs o'er my Name.
Farewel ye Shades, by fatal Hands deſign'd,
The luckleſs Scheme of a Dædalian *Mind,*
Your Grotto's once unto my Soul ſo ſweet,
Are horrid Deſarts, and the Ravens Seat;
Manſions of Hell, where thouſand Vipers round,
Trail horrible along th' envenom'd Ground,
And at their Birth their tortur'd Mother wound.

I can't tell, Sir, whether or no you can perceive your own Work in this, and can bear the new Thoughts I lend you. Be it as 'twill, you may give it juſt what Uſage you think fit. For, for my part, I declare I ſhall trouble my Head no further with it. Nay, I ſhall not diſown, that I am aſham'd that, out of an idle Complaiſance for you, I have employ'd any time upon a Work of this Nature, that I my ſelf am fall'n into a ridiculous Action, for which I blame others, and which I ſo well rallied by theſe Verſes of the Satire to my Muſe.

Or in cold Couplets, careleſs of the Fair,
Sigh for ſome cruel Chloris *in the Air,*
Compare her to the Morn or radiant Day;
And while with living well you're plump and gay,
Sicken in Simile *and pine away.*

I'm

I'm ſure I ſhall never more fall into ſuch a Weakneſs, and 'tis to theſe whining Verſes, much more juſtly than to thoſe of one of my Laſt Epiſtles that I now ſeriouſly ſay;

For Evermore farewel; a long Adieu.

I am entirely yours, &c.

TO

Monſieur *RACINE.*

I Believe you'll be glad to hear what paſs'd in the Viſit, which my Brother the Doctor of the *Sorbonne* and I made to the Reverend Father *de la Chaiſe*, as you adviſed us. We went to his Houſe about Nine a Clock, and ſo ſoon as ever he was told our Names, he deſir'd us to walk in. He received us with a great deal of Kindneſs, enquir'd very obligingly into the State of my Health, and ſeem'd very glad when I told him that my Illneſs did not increaſe. Afterwards he call'd for Chairs, ſat down by me, that I might hear him the better, and immediately coming to the Point, told me that you had read a * Work of mine to him, wherein there were a great many good Things; but that the Subject I handled, was a very nice one, and requir'd a great deal of Wiſdom. That he heretofore taught Divinity, and that therefore he ought to be acquainted thoroughly with this Subject. That there is a great deal of Difference to be made between Affective Love and Effective Love. That the latter was abſolutely neceſſary, and was part of Attrition; whereas Affective Love proceeded from perfect Contrition, and

* *M.* Boileau's *Epiſtle on the* Love of God. *See Vol.* 2.

that

that thus it itſelf juſtify'd the Sinner of it ſelf; but that Effective Love had no Effect but with the Prieſt's Abſolution. In ſhort, he told us in very plain Terms, all that ſeveral good Scholaſtic Authors have written upon that Subject; yet without ſaying, as ſeveral of 'em do, that the Love of God, abſolutely ſpeaking, is not neceſſary for the Juſtification of the Sinner. My Brother applauded every Word he ſaid, ſeeming enchanted with his Doctrine, and ſtill more ſo with his manner of teaching it. For my part, I remain'd ſilent. At length when he had done ſpeaking, I told him I was very much ſurpriz'd that I had been calumniated to him, and that he had been given to underſtand that I had written againſt the Jeſuits; adding that 'twou'd be a ſtrange thing, if to maintain that one ought to Love God, was writing againſt the Jeſuits. That my Brother had brought with him Twenty Paſſages of ten or twelve of their moſt famous Writers, who maintain'd, in Terms much more ſtrong than thoſe of my Epiſtle are, that in order to be juſtify'd, one muſt indiſpenſably Love God. That I ſo little thought of writing againſt the Jeſuits, that the firſt I read my Epiſtle to, were ſix of the moſt famous Jeſuits, who all told me that a Chriſtian cou'd be of no other Opinion as to the Love of God, than what I declar'd in my Verſes. I afterwards added, that I had lately had the Honour to read my Epiſtle to the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, and to the Biſhop of *Meaux*, who all ſeem'd, if I may ſo ſay, tranſported with it. That notwithſtanding all this, if his Reverence thought my Piece dangerous, I came now to read it to him, that he might tell me my Faults. In ſhort, I made him the ſame Compliment as I made the Archbiſhop, when I had the Honour to read it to him, which was, that I did not come to be prais'd, but to be try'd: that therefore I deſir'd him to lend me good Attention, and to give me

leave

leave even to repeat ſeveral Paſſages. He approv'd my Propoſition; and I read my Epiſtle to him very ſedately, giving my Reading all the Force and Agreeableneſs I was able. I had forgot to let you know that I firſt told him one Particularity, which very agreeably ſurpriz'd him; namely, that I had done nothing in all my Performance, but verſify the Doctrine he had juſt preach'd to us, and aſſur'd him I durſt ſay he himſelf wou'd not diſown it. But to return to the reading of my Piece; will you believe, Sir, that the thing happen'd as I foreſaw it wou'd, and that, excepting two little Scruples, (which he mention'd to you, and which he repeated to us) that ariſed upon my Boldneſs, in treating of ſo delicate a Point in Verſe, he did nothing but cry, PULCHRE, BENE, RECTE: *That's true. That's certain; That's good. That muſt be read to the King. Repeat that to me again. Is that what M.* Racine *read to me?* He was eſpecially extremely taken with theſe Verſes, which I repeated to him with all the Energy I could.

Yet ſome grave Doctors on their private Word,
Such Doctrine preach, ſo dang'rous and abſurd;
Up by the Roots all Piety they pull, &c.

'Tis true, I happily thought of inſerting in my Epiſtle ſome Verſes which you did not approve, and which my Brother thought ought to be reſtor'd. Here they are. 'Tis after this Verſe,

Love on, and be aſſur'd your Love is true.

Who acts ſincerely as my Laws require,
Loves me, and with the Love that I deſire,

Says

Says God himſelf; Go on, and love him ſtill,
And ſhew it by ſubmitting to his Will.
Let no vain Doubts alarm thee; for the ſame
Will oft diſturb the moſt Seraphic Flame.
Go on, run after him; who ſeeks ſhall find;
And let no frightful Cares diſtract your Mind.
The farther from your Heart he ſeems, the more
Strive you to ſtop him, and his Grace implore.

He made me repeat theſe Verſes three times. But I can't expreſs to you with what Joy, what Fits of Laughter he heard the Proſopopæa at the End. In a word, I ſo warm'd the Reverend Father, that were it not for a Viſit, which his Brother then came to pay him, he would not have let us go away, till I had likewiſe repeated to him my two other New Epiſtles, which you have read to the King. Neither did he releaſe us till we promis'd to go ſee him at his Country-Houſe: and he ſaid he'd let us know when we might find him alone. Thus you ſee, Sir, that if I am not a good Poet, I muſt needs be a good Reader. After having left Father *de la Chaiſe*, we went to ſee Father *Gaillard*, to whom you may well imagine I read the Epiſtle. I won't tell you the exceſſive Praiſes he gave me. He ſaid I was inſpir'd by God, and told me that none but deſigning Men could contradict my Opinion. I put him in mind of the petty Divine, with whom I had a Diſpute in his Preſence, at M. *de Lamoignon*'s. He told me that that Divine was a ſilly Fellow. That if his Society had Cauſe to be angry, it was not with my Work, but with People's ſaying that that Piece was written againſt the Jeſuits. I write you this at Ten a Clock at Night,

in

in haſte. I beg you to get the Copy you gave *Madam de*——— again, that I may give her another, wherein the Epiſtle may be as I intend it ſhall remain. I embrace you with all my Heart, and am entirely yours.

Les

Les Heros de Roman.

THE HEROES OF ROMANCES.

A DIALOGUE

After the Manner of

LUCIAN.

Written in the Year 1664.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

DISCOURSE

Upon the following

DIALOGUE.

THE Dialogue, which is here given to the Public, was written upon Account of that prodigious Multitude of *Romances*, which appear'd towards the Middle of the preceding Century, and of which take the Origin in a few Words. *Honorius D' Urfy*, a Man of very great Quality in the *Lyonnois*, and of a very Amorous Conſtitution, having a mind to make the beſt of a great Number of Verſes, which he had written for his Miſtreſſes, and to collect into one Body ſeveral Amorous Adventures which he had met with, thought of a very agreeable Invention. He pretended that in the Foreſt, a little Country bordering upon the *Limagne d' Auvergne*, there was in the time of our Firſt Kings, a Company of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, who dwelt on the Banks of the River *Lignon*, and who tho' they did not want for the Goods of Fortune, did however for Amuſement and Diverſion, tend their own Flocks. Theſe Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes, having a great deal of Idle Time, Love; we may well imagine, and as he him-

himself tells us, did not fail and come to disturb it, and produc'd a great many considerable Events. *D' Urfy* brought in all his Adventures, amongst which he mix'd several others, together with the Verses which I have mention'd, which, as bad as they were, did however go down, because of the Art with which he apply'd them. For he sustain'd all this with a Narration equally lively and florid, with very ingenious Fictions, and with Characters no less nicely imagin'd, than agreeably vary'd and pursu'd. Thus he compos'd a *Romance* which gain'd him a great deal of Reputation, and which was very much esteem'd, even by Persons of the most exquisite Taste, tho' the Morality of it was very vicious, preaching up nothing but Love and Effeminacy, and sometimes even offending Modesty. He made Four Volumes of it, which he entitul'd *ASTREA*, from the Name of the most beautiful of his Shepherdesses; and dying whilst he was upon it, *Baro* his Friend, and as some say, his Servant, form'd a Fifth Volume upon his Memoirs, which concluded it, and which was no less well receiv'd than the Four other Volumes. The great Success of this *Romance* so heated the Wits of those times, that they writ in Imitation of it several things, some whereof extended to Ten and others to Twelve Volumes; and this was for some time a sort of a Licentiousness in *Parnassus*. Those of *Gomberville*, *Calprenade*, *Des-Marais*, and *Scuderi*, were particularly extoll'd. But these Imitators foolishly endeavouring to improve their Original, and pretending to enoble his Characters, fell, I think, into a very great Puerility. For instead of taking for their Heroes, as he had done, Shepherds who had nothing else to do, but to win upon the Hearts of their Mistresses, they gave that Employment not only to Princes and Kings, but to the most Famous Captains of Antiquity, whom they describ'd

as

as full of the ſame Spirit as thoſe Shepherds; they having like them made a ſort of a Vow never to talk or hear of any thing but Love. So that whereas *D' Urfy* in his *ASTREA*, of very frivolous Shepherds, had made conſiderable *Heroes of Romance*; theſe Authors on the contrary, of the moſt conſiderable Heroes of Hiſtory, made very frivolous Shepherds, and ſometimes Citizens * ſtill more frivolous than thoſe Shepherds. Nevertheleſs their Works met with an infinite Number of Admirers, and were for a long time in very great Vogue. But thoſe that gain'd the moſt Applauſe were the *CYRUS* and the *CLELIA* of *Mademoiſelle de Scuderi*, Siſter of the Author of the ſame Name. Yet ſhe not only fell into the ſame Puerility, but likewiſe carry'd it to a greater Exceſs. So that inſtead of repreſenting in the Perſon of *CYRUS*, as ſhe ought to have done, a King promis'd by the Prophets, as he is expreſs'd in the Bible; or as *Herodotus* deſcribes him, the greateſt Conqueror that ever was; or laſtly, as he is repreſented in *Xenophon*, who made a *Romance* of the Life of that Prince as well as ſhe; inſtead, I ſay, of making him a Model of all Perfection, ſhe made him an *Artamenes*, more a Fool than any of the *Celadon's* and *Sylvanders*, minding nothing but the Care of his *Mandana*, doing nothing from Morning till Night but lamenting, ſighing, and wire-drawing his Paſſion. She has done ſtill worſe in her other *Romance* call'd *CLELIA*, where ſhe repreſents all the Heroes of the growing *Roman* State, the *Horatius Cocles's*, the *Mutius Scævola's*, the *Clelia's*, the *Lucretia's*, the *Brutus's*, ſtill more Amorous than *Artamenes*; minding nothing but tracing Geographical Maps of Love, propoſing Gallant Queſtions and Ænigma's to one ano-

* *The* Authors *of theſe* Romances, *under the Name of thoſe Heroes, ſometimes drew the Characters of their own Acquaintance, Perſons of but little Conſequence.*

ther; in a Word, doing all that ſeem'd moſt oppoſite to the Heroic Character and Gravity of thoſe firſt *Romans*. Being very young at the time when theſe *Romances* (as well thoſe of *Mademoiſelle de Scudery*, as thoſe of *la Calprenede*, and of all the others) made the moſt Noiſe, I read 'em, as every body elſe did, with a great deal of Admiration, and I look'd upon 'em as the Maſter-pieces of our Language. But my Age increaſing, and Reaſon having open'd my Eyes, I perceiv'd the Childiſhneſs of thoſe Works. So that the Satyrical Spirit beginning to predominate in me, I cou'd take no Reſt till I had written a *Dialogue* againſt theſe *Romances*, after the manner of *Lucian*, wherein I attack'd not only their Want of Solidity, but their affected Style, their empty and trivial Converſations, the advantageous Portraits frequently made of Perſons of very ordinary Beauty, and ſometimes of thoſe that were exceſſively ugly, and all that long Verboſity of Love that has no End. Yet as *Mademoiſelle de Scuderi* was ſtill living, I contented my ſelf with forming this *Dialogue* in my Head; and was ſo far from printing it, that I wou'd not ſo much as write it, or let it be ſeen upon Paper, not being willing to give any Uneaſineſs to a Gentlewoman, who after all had a great deal of Merit, and who, if we may believe thoſe that knew her, notwithſtanding the ill Morality taught in her *Romances*, had more Probity and Honour than Wit. But now, ſince Death *has blotted her from the Number of the Living*, her and all the other Writers of *Romances*, I believe it won't be taken amiſs, if I publiſh my *Dialogue*, ſuch as I have recollected it. And I thought this ſo much the more neceſſary, as that in my Youth having often repeated it in Companies, where were Perſons that had very good Memories, thoſe Perſons retain'd ſeveral Scraps of it, wherewith they afterwards compos'd a Work,

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THE HEROES OF ROMANCES A DIALOGUE.

MINOS *coming out of the Place of Judicature near* Pluto's *Palace.*

CUrſed be the impertinent Talker for keeping me thus all this Morning! The Buſineſs was about a poor Piece of Cloth, ſtol'n from a Cobler, and I believe there never was ſuch a quoting of *Ariſtotle.* There's hardly any Law extant but what he cited.

Pluto. Why, you are in a mighty Paſſion, *Minos.*

Minos. Oh, is't you, King of Hell? What brings you hither?

Pluto. I'll tell you preſently. But firſt let's know who this Lawyer was that plagued you ſo learnedly this Morning? Are *Huot* and *Martinet* dead?

Mi-

Minos. No, thank Heaven: but 'tis certainly one of their Diſciples. Tho' there was not a Word of Senſe in all he ſaid, yet he did not ſpeak a Syllable but what he ſupported by the Authority of ſome of the Ancients; and tho' he made 'em ſpeak with the vileſt Grace in the World, he gave all of 'em Gallantry, Genteelneſs and Agreeableneſs. † Plato *ſpeaks gallantly in his* Timæus. Seneca *is pretty in his Treatiſe of Benefits.* Æſop *is agreeable in one of his Apologues.*

Pluto. Why did you let the impertinent Raſcal talk ſo long? Why did not you bid him hold his Tongue?

Minos. He hold his Tongue! Aye, 'tis a mighty eaſy Matter indeed to make him hold his Tongue, when once 'tis ſet a-going! I might pretend I'd riſe from my Seat as often as I wou'd; I might cry, *Friend pray ha' done; ha' done Friend:* He run on, and wou'd let no body ſpeak but himſelf. For my part, I never knew ſuch a Paſſion for talking; and if this Diſorder continues, I believe I ſhall be oblig'd to quit my Poſt.

Pluto. 'Tis true; the Dead never were ſuch Fools as they are now. We have not had a Ghoſt of any common Senſe this long time; and without mentioning the *Lawyers*, I think nothing ſo impertinent as thoſe that are call'd *polite Perſons.* They all talk a ſort of a Language which they call Gallantry; and when I and *Proſerpina* tell 'em that we are offended at it, they call us *Ruſticks*, and ſay that we are unpolite. I have been aſſur'd that this plaguy Gallantry has infected even the infernal Manſions, and the *Elyſian* Fields; ſo that the Heroes, and eſpecially the Heroines, that dwell in 'em, are now the moſt

† *Ways of ſpeaking, very common at the Bar, in thoſe times.*

fooliſh People in the World, thanks be to certain Authors, who, 'tis ſaid, have taught 'em this fine Language, and who have made whineing Lovers of 'em. To tell you the Truth, I can hardly believe it, I can't imagine, I ſay, how the *Cyrus's* and the *Alexanders* can be all of a ſudden become, as I am told they are, *Thyrſis's* and *Celadons*. Therefore to know the Truth on't, I have order'd all the moſt famous of the Heroes to come from the *Elyſian* Fields, and the other Regions of Hell; and I have cauſed this great Hall to be prepar'd to receive 'em in; you ſee my Guards are poſted in it. But where's *Rhadamanthus?*

Minos. Who? *Rhadamanthus?* He is gone to *Tartarus* to viſit a || Judge lately arriv'd from t'other World, who, they ſay, was as famous for his great Capacity in Affairs of Judicature, as infamous for his exceſſive Avarice.

Pluto. Is it not he that had like to ha' been murther'd a ſecond time for an Half-penny, which he refus'd to pay *Charon* for ferrying him over the River *Styx?*

Minos. 'Tis he himſelf. Have you ſeen his Wife? Her Entry into this Place wou'd make a good Picture. She was cover'd with a Sheet of *Sattin.*

Pluto. How? Sattin? That's Extravagance indeed!

Minos. On the contrary 'twas good Houſe-wifry. For all this fine Dreſs was nothing but three *Theſes* ſew'd together, which were preſented to her Husband in t'other World. I am afraid the Huſſy will ſet all Hell together by the Ears. I hear of nothing but her Pilfering. The Day before Yeſterday ſhe ſtole *Clotho's* Diſtaff, and 'tis ſhe that ſtole the Cloth, which I was ſo ding'd in the Ears with this Morning,

|| *The Judge* Tardieu *and his Wife were murther'd at* Paris, *the ſame Year I writ this Dialogue,* viz. 1664.

from

from a Cobler whom ſhe way-laid in his Paſſage hither. What cou'd put it in your Head to plague Hell with ſo dangerous a Creature?

Pluto. She muſt follow her Husband. He cou'd not well have been damn'd without her. But now we talk of *Rhadamanthus*, here he comes, or I'm deceived. What ails him? He looks ſcar'd.

Rhad. Powerful King of Hell, I come to tell you that you muſt provide for the Defence of your ſelf and Kingdom. There is a great Party form'd againſt you in *Tartarus*. All the Priſoners, with a Reſolution to obey you no longer, have taken Arms. I met *Prometheus* with his Vultur upon his Fiſt. *Tantalus* is as drunk as a Toaſt. *Ixion* has raviſh'd a Fury; and *Siſyphus*, ſitting on a Rock, is exhorting all his Neighbours to ſhake off your Yoke.

Minos. O Raſcals! But I have long foreſeen this Misfortune.

Pluto. Fear nothing, *Minos*. I can ſoon make 'em know their Duty. But let us loſe no time. Let the Avenues be fortify'd. Let the Guard of my Furies be doubled. Let all the Militia of Hell be arm'd. Let *Cerberus* be ſet looſe. *Rhadamanthus*, go bid *Mercury* fetch my Brother *Jupiter*'s Artillery. Mean time do you, *Minos*, ſtay with me. Let us ſee if our Heroes are in a Condition to aſſiſt us. I think I was inſpir'd to ſend for 'em to Day. But who is this that comes towards us with his Staff and his Wallet? O! 'tis that Fool *Diogenes*. What's your Buſineſs here?

Diogenes. I heard the Preſſingneſs of your Affairs; and, as your faithful Subject, am come to offer you the Service of my Cudgel.

Pluto. Your Cudgel will be a mighty Help to us indeed!

Diog. Don't mock. Perhaps I ſhall be more uſeful than ſome you have ſent for.

Pluto. What won't our Heroes come then?

Diog. Aye, I met a Company of Fools below there. I believe they're they. Are you going to have a Ball?

Pluto. Why a Ball?

Diog. Becauſe they're in a rare Equipage for Dancing. They're very ſpruce. Faith, I never ſaw any thing ſo ſparkiſh and gallant.

Pluto. Not too faſt, *Diogenes.* You are always railing. I don't love Backbiters. Beſides they are Heroes, and deſerve Reſpect.

Diog. You your ſelf will be Judge of that preſently; for I ſee they begin to appear. Approach, famous *Heroes*; and you, yet more famous *Heroines*, heretofore the Wonder of the whole Earth. Here's a fine Opportunity for you to ſignalize your ſelves. Come hither all of you together.

Pluto. Peace. I'll have 'em come one by one, or at leaſt with none but a Confident, or ſo, to accompany them. But firſt, *Minos*, let you and I go into this Hall, which, as I told you before, I caus'd to be prepar'd to receive 'em, and wherein I've order'd our Seats to be plac'd with a Rail to ſeparate us from the reſt of the Aſſembly. Let's go in. Good. Every thing as it ſhou'd be. Follow us *Diogenes.* I ſhall want you to name the Heroes to me. For, as far as I ſee, no body can do that better than your ſelf.

Diog. I'll do my beſt.

Pluto. Stand here then by us. And do you hear, you Guards, the Moment I have queſtion'd thoſe that are to come, put 'em into thoſe long and dark Galleries which are behind this Hall, and bid 'em there ſtay for my Orders. Let us ſit down. Who is this that comes firſt, ſo indolently leaning upon his Squire?

Diog. 'Tis the great *Cyrus.*

Pluto. What, that great King who transfer'd the Empire of the *Medes* to the *Perſians*; who gain'd ſo many Battels? In his time Men came hither every Day

Day by thirty, and forty thouſands at a time. No body ever ſent us ſo many as he did!

Diog. Don't call him *Cyrus*.

Pluto. Why not?

Diog. That is not his Name now. He is called *Artamenes*.

Pluto. *Artamenes!* Where did he borrow that Name? I don't remember that I ever heard it before.

Diog. I ſee you are not acquainted with his Hiſtory.

Pluto. Not acquainted with his Hiſtory? Why, I have read *Herodotus*.

Diog. Aye. But for all that can you tell me why *Cyrus* conquer'd ſo many Provinces, travers'd *Aſia*, *Media*, *Hyrcania*, *Perſia*, and in ſhort ravaged more than half the World?

Pluto. A fine Queſtion! 'Twas becauſe he was an ambitious Prince, who had a Mind to have all the World under his Subjection.

Diog. Not at all. 'Twas to deliver his Princeſs who had been run away with.

Pluto. What Princeſs?

Diog. *Mandana.*

Pluto. *Mandana?*

Diog. Yes. And do you know how often ſhe was run away with?

Pluto. How ſhou'd I know?

Diog. Eight Times.

Minos. She paſs'd thro' a great many Peoples Hands then.

Diog. That's true. But all her Raviſhers were mighty vertuous Villains. They never offer'd to touch her.

Pluto. I muſt beg your Pardon if I don't believe that. But let us leave that Fool, *Diogenes*, and ſpeak to *Cyrus* himſelf. Well, *Cyrus*, we are to have a Battle.

tle. I ſent for you to give you the Command of my Troops. He makes no Anſwer. What's the matter with him? One wou'd think he did not know where he is.

Cyrus. Divine Princeſs!

Pluto. What?

Cyrus. Ah unjuſt *Mandana!*

Pluto. Anon?

Cyrus. * You flatter me, too complaiſant *Feraulus.* Are you ſo unwiſe, as to think that *Mandana*, the illuſtrious *Mandana*, can ever turn her Eyes upon the unfortunate *Artamenes?* Yet let us love her. But ſhall we love a cruel one? Shall we ſerve an Inſenſible? Shall we adore an Inexorable? Yes, *Cyrus*, you muſt love a cruel one. Yes *Artamenes*, you muſt ſerve an Inſenſible. Yes, Son of *Cambyſes*, you muſt adore the inexorable Daughter of *Cyaxares.*

Pluto. He's a Fool. I believe *Diogenes* told Truth.

Diog. You ſee you were not acquainted with his Hiſtory. But call his Squire *Feraulus* to you; he deſires no more than to tell it you. He has all that paſſes in his Maſter's Heart at his Fingers Ends, and has kept an exact Regiſter of all the Words his Maſter ſaid to himſelf ever ſince he was born, with a Bundle of his Letters, which he always has in his Pocket. 'Tis true, you may chance to nod a little. For his Narrations are not very ſhort.

Pluto. This is a mighty fit time indeed for that.

Cyrus. But, too engaging Perſon——

Pluto. What Stuff is here? But tell me, to whining *Artamenes*, have you no mind to fight?

Cyrus. Good now, generous *Pluto*, ſuffer me to go hear the Hiſtory of *Aglatidas* and *Ameſtris*, which is going to be told me. Let us render that Duty to two illuſtrious unfortunate Perſons. Mean time, I'll leave

* *The affected Style of the Romance of* Cyrus *imitated.*

leave you the faithful *Feraulus*, who will inſtruct you poſitively in the Hiſtory of my Life, and the Impoſſibility of my Happineſs.

Pluto. I don't deſire to be inſtructed in't, not I. Here, turn out this great Sniv'ler.

Cyrus. Good now!

Pluto. If you don't march———

Cyrus. In effect———

Pluto. If you don't be gone———

Cyrus. As for my Particular ———

Pluto. Why don't you leave us? So, he's gone. Was there ever ſuch a Blubbering?

Diog. He han't done yet, for he's come but to the Hiſtory of *Aglatidas*, and *Ameſtris*. He has ſtill Nine huge Volumes of this Stuff to go thro'.

Pluto. Well, let him fill an hundred Volumes if he will with his Follies. I have ſomething elſe to do now than hear him. But who is this Woman that is coming hither.

Diog. What? That Savage Queen of the *Maſſagetes*, who caus'd the Head of *Cyrus* to be plung'd into a Veſſel of Human Blood. She won't weep I'll warrant her. What is ſhe looking for?

Thom. † *Let my loſt Tablettes every where be ſearch'd,*
And be return'd to me again unop'd.

Diog. Tablettes. I have none of 'em. What good wou'd *Tablettes* do me? My Jeſts are preſerved with Care enough without my writing 'em in *Tablettes.*

Pluto. I believe he'll do nothing but grope and rummage about. She has viſited every Creek and Corner in the Hall. What was there in your *Tablettes*, great

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† Quinaut's *Tragedy of* Cyrus *begins with theſe Two Verſes, ſpoken by* Thomyris.

Queen,

Queen, that you are ſo concern'd about 'em?

Thom. A Madrigal which I made this Morning upon the charming Enemy I love.

Min. Alas! How ſhe melts!

Diog. I am ſorry ſhe has loſt her *Tablettes*. I ſhou'd ha' been glad to ſee a *Maſſagetan* Madrigal.

Pluto. But who is the charming Enemy ſhe loves?

Dieg. The ſame *Cyrus* that was juſt now here.

Pluto. He? Do you think ſhe'd have murder'd the Man ſhe lov'd?

Diog. Murder'd! That's an Error we have been abus'd with for about Five or Six Centuries; 'twas thro' the Miſtake of the *Scythian* Gazetteer, who ſpread the News of his Death upon a falſe Report. We have been undeceiv'd for about theſe fourteen or fifteen Years.

Pluto. I thought it had been true. However, whether the *Scythian* Gazetteer was miſtaken or no, let her go into the Gallery, and look for her charming Enemy there if ſhe will, and not hunt any more for her *Tablettes*, which in all Probability ſhe loſt by her Negligence, and which none of us have ſtol'n. But what hoarſe Voice is that here below quavering a Tune?

Diog. That's the great one-ey'd Coxcomb *Horatius Cocles*, ſinging hard by to an EcchoSong he made upon *Clelia*.

Pluto. What makes that Fool *Minos* laugh ſo?

Minos. And who can help laughing at *Horatius Cocles*, ſinging to an Eccho?

Pluto. 'Tis true, the Thing is pretty new. 'Tis worth Seeing. Let him come in, and bid him go on with his Song; *Minos* will certainly be glad to hear him nearer.

Minos. Certainly.

Horatius Cocles. (*Singing the Burden of the Song he ſings in* Clelia.)

Even

Even Phænicia *does declare,*
Nothing with Clelia *can compare.*

Diog. I think I know the Tune. 'Tis that of ‖ *Thoinon*, the Gard'ners handſome Wife.

Horatius Cocles. *Even* Phænicia *does declare,*
Nothing with Clelia *can compare.*

Pluto. What is this *Phænicia?*

Diog. 'Tis one of the moſt gallant and witty Ladies of the City of *Capua*, but one that has too great an Opinion of her own Beauty, and whom *Horatius Cocles* rallies in this Extempore of his, which he himſelf put to Tune, making her confeſs that none is equal for Beauty to *Clelia.*

Minos. I ſhou'd never have imagin'd, that this illuſtrious *Roman* had been ſuch an excellent Muſician, or ſo good at Extempores. Yet I ſee by this that he is a Maſter in 'em.

Pluto. And I ſee that he's turn'd downright Fool. Why, *Horatius Cocles!* You that was heretofore ſo ſtout a Soldier, and who alone defended a Bridge againſt an whole Army, what the duce cou'd put it in your Head to turn Shepherd after your Death? what Fool taught you to ſing?

Horatius Cocles. *Even* Phænicia *does declare,*
Nothing with Clelia *can compare.*

Minos. He's full of his Song.

Pluto. Let him walk into my Gallery then, and look for a new Eccho. Away with him.

‖ *An* Italian Song *then in Vogue.*

Ho-

Horatius Cocles. *Even* Phænicia *does declare,*
(going off.) *Nothing with* Clelia *can compare.*

Pluto. Fool! Fool! Shan't I meet with one Perſon of Senſe.

Diog. You'll ſoon have that Satisfaction; for here comes the moſt illuſtrious of all the Roman Dames; that *Clelia*, who ſwam the *Tyber* to get away from the Camp of *Porſenna*, and with whom *Horatius Cocles*, as you juſt now ſaw, is in love.

Pluto. I have often admir'd the Boldneſs of this Maid in *Titus Livius*. But I'm afraid *Titus Livius* has ly'd too. What do you think, *Diogenes?*

Diog. Hearken to what ſhe ſays.

Clelia. Is it true, ſage King of Hell, that a Company of Mutineers have dared to riſe againſt *Pluto*, the vertuous *Pluto?*

Pluto. So. At length we have met with one Perſon of Senſe. Yes, Child, 'tis true; the Priſoners of *Tartarus* have taken Arms, and we have ſent into the *Elyſian* Fields and other Places for the Heroes to aid us.

Clelia. But pray, my Lord, do you think the Rebels have not a Deſign upon the Kingdom of *Tenderneſs?* For I ſhou'd almoſt run mad, if they had but ſo much as ſiez'd the Village of *Little-Cares*. Have they not taken *Billets doux*, or *Billets-gallants?*

Pluto. What Country does ſhe talk of? I don't remember I ever ſaw it in the Map.

Diog. 'Tis true, *Ptolomy* don't mention it. But there have been ſome new Diſcoveries made of late. And beſides, don't you ſee that ſhe ſpeaks of the *Land of Gallantry*.

Pluto. That's a Country I know nothing of.

Clelia. In effect, the illuſtrious *Diogenes* ſays true. For there are three ſorts of *Tenderneſſes*; *Tenderneſs* upon

upon *Eſteem*, *Tenderneſs* upon *Inclination*, and *Tenderneſs* upon *Acknowledgment*. When one has a Mind to arrive at *Tenderneſs* upon *Eſteem*, we muſt go to the Village of *Little-Cares*, &c.

Pluto. I ſee, pretty ones, you are perfectly well ſkill'd in the Geography of the *Kingdom of Tenderneſs*, and that you'll ſhew any Man that ſhall chance to love you, a great many Countries in that Kingdom. But as for me, who am not acquainted with it, and who don't care whether I ever am acquainted with it or no, I muſt tell you freely, that I know not whether thoſe Villages and thoſe three Rivers lead to *Tenderneſs*, but I think they are the high Road to *Bedlam*.

Minos. I think 'twou'd be no harm, if that Place was put into the Map of *Tenderneſs*. I believe 'tis that they mean.

Pluto. So, Child, you are in Love too, are you?

Clelia. Yes, my Lord, I grant you I have for *Aronce* a Friendſhip that is not far from real Love: and it muſt be confeſs'd, that that admirable Son of the King of *Cluſium*, has in all his Perſon ſomething ſo extraordinary, and ſo little to be imagin'd, that unleſs one had an inconceivable Hardneſs of Heart, one cou'd not help having a Paſſion, entirely reaſonable, for him. For in fine ———

Pluto. For in fine, for in fine ——— I tell you I have an inexpreſſible Averſion to all Follies, and tho' the Son of the King of *Cluſium* had an unimaginable Charm, with your inconceivable Tongue, I ſhou'd be glad, if you and your Gallant too, were at the Devil. So, ſhe's gone. What! nothing but Lovers? Is the Infection General? I believe in time I ſhall ſee *Lucretia* in Love.

Diogenes. You ſhall have that Pleaſure preſently, for here comes *Lucretia* in Perſon.

Pluto.

Pluto. What I ſaid of her was only in jeſt. *Jove* forbid that I ſhou'd have ſo mean a Thought of the moſt vertuous Perſon in the World!

Diog. Don't truſt in that. She looks coquetiſh. Faith ſhe has a plaguy roguiſh Leer with her.

Pluto. I ſee, *Diogenes*, you don't know *Lucretia*. I wiſh you had ſeen her when ſhe came hither, all bloody, her Hair diſhevell'd, a Poinyard in her Hand, wild in her Looks, and her Anger ſtill painted in her Countenance, notwithſtanding the Paleneſs of Death. Never did any Body carry Chaſtity to ſo high a Point as ſhe did. But to convince you, I'll ask her what's her Opinion of Love. You ſhall ſee. Tell us, *Lucretia*; and ſpeak your Thoughts freely; do you think that one ought to love?

Lucretia. (With Tablettes in her Hand.) Muſt I abſolutely give you an exact and deciſive Anſwer to this?

Pluto. Yes.

Lucretia. There; in thoſe Tablettes that Point is clearly diſcuſs'd.

Pluto. (reads) Happy wou'd how it to be always ſtay Love if wou'd Love but our to we Miſery prove ſoon decay does Flame the.

What's the meaning of all this Fuſtian.

Lucretia. I'll aſſure you, *Pluto*, I never ſaid any thing better or more clear.

Pluto. I ſee you are us'd to ſpeak very clearly then. Who the Devil ever talk'd at this rate before? *Happy wou'd howit to be!* Where wou'd ſhe have me ſeek an *Oedipus* to explain this *Ænigma* to me?

Diog. You need not go very far for one. Here comes one that will do it for you rarely.

Pluto. Who do you mean?

Diog. 'Tis *Brutus*; he that deliver'd *Rome* from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*.

Pluto. What! That auſtere *Roman*, who ſlew his own

own Children, becauſe they had conſpir'd againſt their Country? He explain Riddles! Sure you're turn'd Fool, *Diogenes!*

Diog. I'm no Fool; neither is *Brutus* any longer that auſtere Perſon you imagine him to be. He's naturally tender and amorous, and makes the prettieſt Verſes, and the moſt gallant Billets in the World.

Minos. The Words of the *Ænigma* ought then to be written down, that he might ſee 'em.

Diog. Don't trouble your Head about that. Thoſe Words have been written upon *Brutus*'s Tablettes this great while. Such Heroes as he, are never without Tablettes.

Pluto. Well, *Brutus*, will you explain ſome Words that are in your Tablettes to us?

Brutus. With all my Heart. Are theſe them?

Happy wou'd how it to be always, &c.

Pluto. Right.

Brutus. Read on then. The following Words will not only ſhew that I ſoon conceiv'd the Subtlety of the unintelligible Words of *Lucretia*; but they contain the preciſe Anſwer I have made to it. *Love Wonder O Days ſhall me, and that you Love ſtays the ur ſee of ever for let.*

Pluto. I can't tell whether theſe Words anſwer; but I know that neither of 'em are to be underſtood, and that I ſhan't give my ſelf the trouble to gueſs at the Senſe of 'em.

Diog. I ſee I muſt explain this to you. The Myſtery is, that theſe Words are tranſpoſed. *Lucretia*, who is in love with, and belov'd by *Brutus*, tells him in tranſpoſed Words.

How happy wou'd it be to love,
If Love wou'd always ſtay!
But to our Miſery we prove;
The Flame does ſoon decay.

And *Brutus* to confirm her, ſays in other tranſpoſed Terms;

O let me love the Wonder of our Days,
And you ſhall ſee that Love for ever ſtays.

Pluto. This is a very groſs Subtlety. Why, at this rate all that is fine is in Dictionaries. The Words are only tranſpoſed. But is it poſſible that Perſons of ſo much Merit as *Brutus* and *Lucretia*, can be ſo extravagant as to compoſe ſuch Trifles?

Diog. And yet 'tis by theſe Trifles that they both ſhew their Wit.

Pluto. And 'tis by theſe Trifles that I find 'em to be Fools. Away with 'em. For my part I ſhall diſtruſt my ſelf e'er long. *Lucretia* in Love! *Lucretia* turn'd Coquet! And *Brutus* her Gallant! I believe in time I ſhall ſee *Diogenes* himſelf grow gallant.

Diog. Why not I as well as *Pythagoras?*

Pluto. Why, was *Pythagoras* gallant?

Diog. Yes, and 'twas of *Theano* his Daughter, form'd by him to Gallantry, as the generous *Herminius* tells us in the Hiſtory of the Life of *Brutus*, 'twas of *Theano* I ſay, that that illuſtrious Roman learnt this fine Symbol, which has been left out in the other Symbols of *Pythagoras: that 'tis uttering fine Sentiments for the ſake of a Miſtreſs, and making Love, that denotes a great Philoſopher.*

Pluto. So then he learnt of *Theano*, that Folly is the greateſt Wiſdom? A fine Precept indeed! But no

no more of *Theano*. Who is this affected Laſs that comes this Way?

Diog. 'Tis *Sappho*, that famous *Lesbian*, who invented the *Sapphic* Verſes.

Pluto. I have heard ſhe was very handſome. I think her very ugly.

Diog. 'Tis true, ſhe has no very fine Complexion, nor are her Features over-regular; but pray take notice, there is a great Oppoſition of black and white in her Eyes, as ſhe her ſelf ſays in the Hiſtory of her Life.

Pluto. A very whimſical Agreeableneſs that; *Cerberus* at that rate may be reckon'd a Beauty, ſince there is the ſame Oppoſition in his Eyes.

Diog. I ſee ſhe's a coming to you. She has ſome Queſtion or other to ask you I ſuppoſe.

Sappho. I beſeech you, ſage *Pluto*, let me know what's your Opinion of Friendſhip, and whether you believe it as capable of Tenderneſs as Love is. For this was the Subject of a generous Converſation which we had t'other Day with the ſage *Democedes*, and the agreeable *Phaon*. Therefore pray for ſome time forget the Care of your Perſon and Dominions, and define to me what is a tender Heart, Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, Tenderneſs of Love, Tenderneſs of Inclination, and Tenderneſs of Paſſion.

Minos. Why this is the worſt of 'em all. I fancy ſhe ſpoilt the reſt.

Pluto. D'ye ſee the impertinent Huſſy! This is a proper time indeed to reſolve Queſtions of Love, when there's a Rebellion on foot!

Diog. You may find Authority enough to excuſe it, if that's all, and the Heroes you have juſt now ſeen, when they are upon the Point of giving Battle, inſtead of employing the time in encouraging the Soldiers, and ranging their Armies, are taken up with hearing the Hiſtory of *Timaretes* or *Bereliſa*,

whoſe higheſt Adventure is ſometimes a Love-Letter loſt, or a Bracelet gone aſtray.

Pluto. If they are Fools I won't be ſo too.

Sappho. Good now, my Lord, lay by this groſs provincial Air of Hell, and take the Air of Gallantry, of *Carthage* and *Capua*. To tell you the Truth, to decide a Point ſo important as that I propoſe to you, I cou'd wiſh all our generous and illuſtrious Friends, both Male and Female, were here. But in their Abſence the ſage *Minos* ſhall repreſent the diſcreet *Phaon*, and the jovial *Diogenes* the gallant *Æſop*.

Pluto. Stay a little, I'll fetch ſome body for you to prate to in a Minute. Call *Tiſiphone* hither.

Sappho. Who? *Tiſiphone?* I know her, and perhaps it may not be diſagreeable if I ſhew you her Picture, which I have already compos'd before-hand, deſigning to inſert it in one of the Hiſtories, which we Authors, and Authoreſſes of Romances, are oblig'd to relate in each Book of our Romance.

Pluto. The Portrait of a Fury! What a ſtrange Project is there!

Diog. Not ſo ſtrange as you think for? In effect, this ſame *Sappho* has in her Works deſcribed a great many of her generous ſhe Friends, who are not a jot handſomer than *Tiſiphone*, and yet, with the Help of gallant Words, and elegant and affected Expreſſions, which ſhe throws into their Pictures, they paſs well enough for worthy Heroines of Romance.

Minos. I can't tell whether 'tis Curioſity or Folly; but I muſt needs confeſs I'd fain ſee ſo whimſical a Picture.

Pluto. Well then, let her ſhew it you. You muſt be ſatisfy'd. We ſhall ſee how ſhe'll go about to make the moſt ugly of the *Eumenides* agreeable and gracious.

Diog. She has already perform'd ſuch a Maſterpiece in deſcribing the vertuous *Arricidia*. Let's hearken, for I ſee ſhe's pulling the Deſcription out of her Pocket.

Sappho.

Sappho (*reads.*) The virtuous Maid, of whom I am to ſpeak, has in all her Perſon ſomething ſo furiouſly extraordinary, and ſo terribly wonderful, that I am not a little embarraſs'd when I go about to give you her Picture.

Minos. How properly ſhe brings in the two Adverbs *furiouſly*, and *terribly*.

Sappho (*proceeds.*) *Tiſiphone* is naturally very tall, and exceeds the Generality of her Sex for Height; but yet ſo *degagée*, ſo free, and ſo well proportion'd in all Parts, that even her Enormity ſits admirably well upon her. Her Eyes are ſmall, but full of Fire, lively, piercing, and ſurrounded with a certain Vermillion, which ſets off the Splendor of 'em prodigiouſly. Her Hair is naturally buckl'd, and in Rings, and one might ſay they were ſo many Serpents wreathing into one another, and playing negligently about her Face. Her Complexion is not of that dry chalky Colour of the *Scythian* Women; but it has a great deal of that manly noble Brown, which the Sun gives to the *African*, whom it favours more nearly with its Looks. Her Breaſt is compos'd of two Demi Globes, burnt at the End, like thoſe of the Amazons, and which keeping as far from her Throat as poſſible, loſe themſelves negligently and languiſhingly under her Arms. All the reſt of her Body is form'd after this manner. Her Gate is extremely noble and grand. When ſhe goes faſt, ſhe rather flies than walks, and I don't believe *Atalanta* her ſelf cou'd conquer her in the Race. Moreover this virtuous Maid is naturally an Enemy to Vice, eſpecially to great Crimes, which ſhe purſues with a Flambeau in her Hand, and which ſhe never ſuffers to be at quiet; ſeconded in this by her two illuſtrious Siſters, *Alecto* and *Megæra*, who are no leſs Enemies to 'em than ſhe is: and one may ſay of all theſe three Siſters, that 'tis a living Morality.

Diog. Well, is not this a wonderful Picture?

Pluto. Certainly, and Uglineſs is therein deſcribed in all its Perfection, not to ſay in all its Beauty. But we have hearken'd long enough to this extravagant Creature. Let's continue the Review of our Heroes, and without taking the Pains as we have hitherto done, to queſtion 'em ſingly, let us content our ſelves with making 'em paſs before this Rail, and ſeeing 'em into the Galleries, that I may be ſure they're there. For I won't have any of 'em go out 'till I have determin'd what to do with 'em. Therefore let 'em come in all together. Here are a great many of 'em, *Diogenes.* Are all thoſe Heroes known in Hiſtory?

Diog. No; there are a great many Chimerical Heroes amongſt 'em.

Pluto. Chimerical Heroes! And are they Heroes?

Diog. Are they Heroes? They always poſſeſs the top Place in Books, and infallibly conquer the others.

Pluto. Name ſome of 'em to me.

Diog. With all my Heart. *Orondates, Spiridates, Alcamenes, Melinta, Britomares, Merinder, Artaxander,* &c.

Pluto. And have all theſe Heroes, like the reſt, made a Vow never to talk of any thing but Love?

Diog. They'd be topping Heroes indeed if they were not in Love! Is not Love the greateſt Heroic Virtue?

Pluto. Who's that huge Baby there that goes amongſt the laſt, and whoſe Childhood is written on his Face. What's thy Name?

Aſtratus. I am call'd *Aſtratus* *.

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* *At the time when I writ this Dialogue, there was play'd at the* Hotel de Bourgogne, *the* Aſtratus *of M.* Quinaut, *and the* Oſtorius *of the* Abbot de Pure.

Pluto.

Pluto. What do you come hither for?

Aſtra. I want to ſee the Queen.

Pluto. The Deuce! One wou'd ſwear I had a Queen in a Box, which I ſhew ever body that wants to ſee it? What are you? Were you ever in Being?

Aſtra. Aye marry have I, and there's a *Latin* Hiſtorian that ſays of me in expreſs Terms; *Aſtratus vixit*; *Aſtratus* lived.

Pluto. Is that all that's ſaid of you in Hiſtory?

Aſtra. Yes, and 'tis upon this fine Argument that a Tragedy was written, entitul'd *Aſtratus*; wherein the Tragic Paſſions are ſo nicely managed, that the Audience laugh'd till they were ready to burſt, from the Beginning to the End, whilſt I kept weeping, not being able to obtain the Sight of the Queen, with whom I am paſſionately taken.

Pluto. Well, well, go into theſe Galleries, and ſee if your Queen's there. But who is this great boobily Roman that follows this hot Lover? May one know his Name?

Oſtorius. My Name is *Oſtorius.*

Pluto. I don't remember that I ever read that Name in Hiſtory.

Oſtorius. Yet 'tis in it. The *Abbot de Pure* aſſures us that he has read of it.

Pluto. A mighty Authentic Teſtimony. But tell me, ſupported as you are, by the *Abbot de Pure*, have you made any Figure in the World? Were you ever ſeen in't?

Oſtorius. Yes, I was ſeen at the * *Hotel de Bourgogne*, in a Play that that *Abbot* writ concerning me.

Pluto. How often were you ſeen there?

Oſtor. Once.

Pluto. Go thither again.

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* *Once a Playhouſe.*

Oſtor. The Players will have no more of me.

Pluto. Why the Deuce ſhou'd you think I ſhou'd take up with you any more than they? Come, march quickly, and go into my Galleries. Here comes another Heroine, who don't ſeem to be in any great Haſte to be gone. But I forgive her. For ſhe appears ſo lumpiſh in her Perſon, and ſo heavily arm'd, that I believe 'tis rather the Difficulty of walking, than Repugnance to obey me, that hinders her from going faſter. Who is ſhe?

Diog. Don't you remember the Maid of *Orleans.*

Pluto. 'Tis that valiant Maid then, that deliver'd *France* from the Yoke of the *Engliſh*, is it?

Diog. 'Tis ſhe her ſelf.

Pluto. What a broad Face ſhe has? It is very ſhort of what is ſaid of it.

Diog. She coughs and approaches the Rail. Let's hear what ſhe ſays. 'Tis certainly ſome Speech ſhe's a going to make to you, and a Speech in Verſe too. For ſhe ſpeaks nothing but Verſe now.

Pluto. Has ſhe any Talent for Poetry then?

Diog. You ſhall ſee.

The Maid. * *Great Prince! for from this Hour I'll call you great,*
Behold a Virgin proſtrate at your Feet;
'Tis true, my Zeal is check'd by my Reſpect,
But at your Sight I Courage do collect,
Tho' that collecting does me ſoon deject.
In fine, my Heart at your illuſtrious Sight,
Is both poſſeſs'd with Pleaſure and with Fright.
Oh that my Lungs wou'd prove ſo ſtout and ſtrong,
As you to praiſe, and yet not do you wrong.

* *Verſes taken out of M. P—— Poem of the Maid of* Orleans.

For

For you alone I have a mortal Point,
Where the Right Shoulders to the Left conjoint.
Let this Blow break my Bone, and my Blood ſpread
From Belly, Back, from Haunches and from Head.

Pluto. What Language does ſhe talk?

Diog. A fine Queſtion indeed! 'Tis *French.*

Pluto. Was that *French.* I thought it had been *Hebrew.* Who taught her that ſtrange *French?*

Diog. A Poet, whom ſhe has boarded with theſe forty Years.

Pluto. He has given her no very good Education then.

Diog. 'Twas not for want of being well pay'd.

Pluto. 'Twas Money very ill laid out in my Opinion. Why, Maid of *Orleans*, why the Deuce did you load your Memory with theſe bombaſtical Words, you who heretofore minded nothing but delivering your Country, and who had no other Object than Glory?

The Maid. Glory?
One Road leads to't, and on this only Road,
Both right and left, ——— ———

Pluto. Ah! How it grates my Ears!

The Maid. *Both right and left, the Way it is not broad.*

Pluto. Heavens! What Verſes are here! They ſplit my Head.

The Maid. *None of the Arrows do her Body reach,*
Or if they tap her Blood they make no Breach.

Pluto. Again! I muſt confeſs, of all the Heroines that have been here, I think this by much the moſt inſup-

inſupportable. She's far from preaching up Tenderneſs, ſhe's nothing but Hardneſs and Dryneſs, and I think her more fit to freeze the Soul than to inſpire Love.

Diog. Yet ſhe did inſpire the valiant *Dunois* with it.

Pluto. She? inſpire *Dunois* with Love!

Diog. Yes certainly.

Duonis *great Heart, the greateſt e'er was known,*
Great Heart which two great Lovers contain'd alone.

But what Love was it? *Dunois* tells us, that in a Part of the Poem writ on that wonderful Maid;

For that magnan'mous Front, thoſe heav'nly Eyes,
I nought have but Reſpect, I nought but prize:
I wiſh for nought; the Love ſhe does inſpire,
Is not a Love that's mingled with Deſire.
So be it. Let's proceed in ſuch a Flame,
And burn in Sacrifice before the Dame.

Is not this a Paſſion well expreſs'd, and is not the Word Sacrifice mighty properly put into the Mouth of ſuch a Warrior as *Dunois?*

Pluto. Without doubt, and this virtuous Heroine with ſuch Verſes may go this Minute, if ſhe will, and try to inſpire all the Heroes that are in thoſe Galleries with ſuch Love. I dare ſay that will never make 'em effeminate. Away with her, for fear ſhe ſhou'd plague me with any more of her Verſes, and I'm in no Humour to hear 'em now. A fair Riddance. There's no more Heroes, is there? O, there's one behind the Door. Sure he did not hear that I order'd 'em all to be gone! Do you know him, *Diogenes?*

Diog.

Diog. 'Tis *Pharamond* the firſt King of the *Franks.*

Pluto. What does he ſay? He mutters ſomething to himſelf.

Phar. You know, divine *Roſamond*, that I loved you even before I knew you, and that 'twas upon a Deſcription of your Charms, made by one of my Rivals, that I became ſo ardently captivated.

Pluto. It ſeems he fell in Love before ever he ſaw his Miſtreſs.

Diog. 'Tis true.

Pluto. 'Twas upon ſeeing her Picture I ſuppoſe?

Diog. He had not ſo much as ſeen her Picture.

Pluto. If this is not Folly, I can't tell what is Folly. But tell me, you amorous *Pharamond*, are you not ſatisfy'd with having founded the moſt flouriſhing Kingdom in *Europe*, and with being able to reckon amongſt your Succeſſors the King that now ſits upon its Throne? Why did you go to diſturb the Princeſs *Roſamond?*

Phar. 'Tis true, my Lord. But Love——

Pluto. Ho Love! Love! The next that talks to me of Love, I'll knock him down with my Scepter. Here comes one. I'll break his Head.

Minos. Have a Care what you do. Don't you ſee that 'tis *Mercury.*

Pluto. Ah, *Mercury*, I beg your Pardon. But don't you come to talk to me of Love too.

Mercury. You know I never made Love for my ſelf. The Truth on't is, I have now and then put in a good Word for my Father *Jupiter*, and heretofore laid *Argus* into ſo ſound a Doze, that he never waked again. But I bring you good News. No ſooner did the Artillery that I brought appear, but the Enemy return'd to their Duty. You never enjoy'd more Tranquility than you do now.

Pluto.

Pluto. Divine Meſſenger of *Jupiter*, you have reſtor'd me to Life. But in the Name of *Jove*, tell me, you that are the God of Eloquence, how cou'd you ſuffer ſuch an impertinent manner of ſpeaking, as that which now reigns, eſpecially in thoſe Books that are call'd Romances? why do you let the greateſt Heroes of Antiquity talk ſuch a Language?

Merury. Alas! *Apollo* and I are no longer call'd upon, and moſt Authors now-a-days own for their Patron none but a certain *Phœbus*, who is the moſt impertinent Fellow in the World. Moreover I come to tell you that you have been ſerved a Trick.

Pluto. I ſerv'd a Trick! How?

Mercury. You think that the true Heroes came hither?

Pluto. I do ſo, and have very ſufficient Proofs of it too, ſince I have 'em all now in the Galleries of my Palace.

Mercury. You'll be undeceiv'd, when I tell you that 'tis a Company of Raſcals, or rather chimerical Phantomes, who tho' they are but weak Reſemblances of many modern Perſons, have the Impudence to aſſume the Names of the greateſt Heroes of Antiquity; but their Life was very ſhort, and they now wander about upon the Banks of the *Cocytus* and the *Styx*. I wonder how you cou'd be deceiv'd by 'em. Could not you perceive that they had nothing of Heroes in 'em? All that maintains 'em, is a certain Tinſel, and a gingling of Words, with which thoſe who writ their Life have adorn'd 'em, and which if you deprive 'em of, you may ſee 'em in their true Colours. I have brought from the *Elyſian* Fields a *French*-man, to ſee if he knows 'em when they are ſtript. For I dare ſay you'll conſent to let 'em be ſo.

Pluto. I do, and will have it executed this Moment. So ho, Guards, turn 'em all out of my Galleries

ries by the back Doors, and bring 'em into the Square. Let us ſit in the Balcony of this low Window, from whence we may view 'em, and talk to 'em at our Eaſe. Bring our Seats hither. *Mercury*, ſit you at my Right Hand, and you, *Minos*, at my Left: *Diogenes*, pray ſtand behind us.

Minos. Here they all come.

Pluto. Are theſe all?

A Guard. We have not left one of 'em in the Galleries.

Pluto. Come hither then, all you faithful Executors of my Will, Specters, Hobgoblins, Dæmons, Furies, infernal Militia, that I have aſſembl'd; ſurround me all theſe pretended Heroes, and ſtrip 'em.

Cyrus. What will you ſtrip ſuch a Conqueror as I?

Pluto. Generous *Cyrus*, you muſt ſubmit.

Horatius Cochles. What! Such a *Roman* as I, who alone defended a Bridge againſt all the Forces of *Porſenna?* You conſider him no more than a Pick-pocket.

Pluto. I ſhall make you ſing.

Aſtratus. What! Will you abuſe a Gallant ſo tender and paſſionate as I am!

Pluto. I'll ſhew you the Queen. So! They're ſtript.

Mercury. Where is the *French*-man I brought with me?

French-man. Here am I, Sir. What's your Pleaſure?

Mercury. View all thoſe People thorowly. Do you know 'em?

French-man. Know 'em? Why they are moſt of 'em Citizens, and my Neighbours. Good morrow, Madam *Lucretia.* Good morrow, Monſieur *Brutus.* Good morrow *Mademoiſelle Clelia.* Good morrow, Monſieur *Horatius Cochles.*

Pluto.

Pluto. You ſhall ſee your Neighbours diſh'd up immediately. Come, don't ſpare 'em. After they have been abundantly flogg'd, let 'em be convoy'd without delay to the Banks of the River *Lethe* *. Then when they are come thither, throw me them Head foremoſt into the deepeſt part of that River; and with them, their Billets doux, their gallant Letters, their paſſionate Verſes, with all the numerous Volumes, or rather the Heaps of ridiculous Paper, on which their Hiſtories are written. Troop, Raſcals; you that were formerly ſuch great Heroes. You are now arriv'd at your End, or to ſpeak more properly, at the laſt Act of your Comedy, which you have play'd but for a ſhort time.

Choir of the Heroes. (*Going off laden with Stripes*) Ah! *la Calprenede!* Ah! *Scuderi.*

Pluto. Why have not I Them too! Why have not I Them too! This is not all, *Minos.* You muſt go immediately, and give Order that the ſame Juſtice be executed upon ſuch as they, throughout all the other Provinces of my Kingdom.

Minos. I accept of the Commiſſion with Pleaſure.

Mercury. But here come the true Heroes; they want to ſpeak to you; won't you let 'em come in?

Pluto. I ſhould be glad to ſee 'em. But I am ſo fatigued with the Fooleries theſe impertinent Uſurpers of their Names have utter'd, that I muſt needs take a Nap.

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* *The River of Forgetfulneſs.*

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

An ANSWER *to M.* RENAUDOT's *Advertiſement prefix'd to the New Edition of M.* BOILEAU's *Works. Sent from* Paris *to M.* LE CLERC.

MONSIEUR *Deſpreaux*, in his *Tenth* Reflection, by which he anſwers the Letter of M. *Huet* upon the famous Paſſage of *Longinus*, was too modeſt, in the Opinion of thoſe who took care of the laſt Edition of his Works. They imagined themſelves obliged to ſupply what Bitterneſs they thought wanting in that Anſwer, with ſome of their own; and they threaten M. *Huet* with the Indignation of their Cabal, for daring to defend himſelf againſt an Inſult, which was reiterated in ſeveral Editions, made upon him by M. *Deſpreaux*.

But M. *Deſpreaux* and his Followers ſhou'd at leaſt, before they attack'd him, have ſearch'd into the true Subject of the Conteſt; and try'd to have underſtood the Matter, and Streſs of the Queſtion. It plainly appears they have not done it, by a Word which eſcaped them in their Advertiſement, when they ſaid that *the Criticiſm of M.* Huet *ſeem'd rather againſt* Moſes *than againſt* Longinus; and that the Advice to anſwer M. *Huet* was given M. *Deſpreaux*, by ſeveral Perſons who were zealous for Re-

Religion. In this they follow'd their Oracle, M. *Deſpreaux*, who in his Prefaces endeavour'd to make M. *Huet* believe the Judgment he had made on the Sentiment of *Longinus* upon that Paſſage of *Moſes*, and that *Longinus* had ſeen it in the Original, a Point of Religion, and almoſt an Article of Faith. But when he pretended to refine by a frivolous Diſtinction of Sublimity it ſelf, and the Style Sublime, and when he confounded the Sublime of Things, and the Sublime of Expreſſion; he plainly ſhew'd that he treated of the Sublime without knowing what it was, that he tranſlated *Longinus* without underſtanding him, and therefore he ought to have contain'd himſelf within the Bounds of a modeſt Satire, without entering on the Intricacies of Criticiſm, which requires different Talents than his.

His Editors have imitated him in ſpeaking confidently of things they have very little Skill in. *Sure*, ſay they, *M.* Huet's *Letter was kept very ſecret ſince thoſe who were moſt familiar with M.* de Montauzier, *and who ſaw him every Day, never heard him mention it, and ſince it was not made publick till twenty Years afterwards, by its being printed in* Holland. To this 'tis anſwer'd, that thoſe who ſaw M. *de Montauzier* oftner, and more intimately than they, heard him inceſſantly ſpeaking of that Difference, and of the juſt Indignation he had at the unbridled Audaciouſneſs of ſuch a Man as M. *Deſpreaux*, to decry many Perſons of more Merit that himſelf, and who were inferior to him in nothing but the Art of Calumny. As M. *Huet* proteſts he never gave any other Copy of that Letter, than that which he was obliged to give M. *de Montauzier*, to whom it was addreſs'd; 'tis very probable that Copy fell into other Hands, when it was taken out of his Cloſet after his Death.

M.

M. *de Montauzier* added, that in a civilized Government, as ours is, a profeſs'd Slanderer ought to be ſent to the Gallies. To this he might join the Ordonnance of *Auguſtus*, related by *Dion*, and the Laws of *Conſtantine* and other Emperors, inſerted in the *Theodoſian Code*, which condemns all ſcandalous and ſlanderous Libels to the Flames, and their Authors to the Whipping-poſt. As the Applauſe which M. *Deſpreaux* daily receiv'd from Perſons of his Temper had rais'd his Courage; he had the Inſolence to put M. *de Montauzier* in mind of the odious Example of *Nero*. All the Vengeance that M. *de Montauzier* took of him, was to ſay often and publicly, that he roſe every Morning with deſign to chaſtiſe the Satyriſt with the ordinary Puniſhment of Men of his Profeſſion, and which was lately put in Execution openly upon one of his Imitators, to the Satisfaction of all good Men. 'Tis the ſame Puniſhment that was ordained in ancient *Rome*, by the Law of the 12 Tables, *ut fuſtibus feriretur, qui publicè invehebatur*, and which *Horace* tells us, made ſeveral Satyriſts of his time change their Note, and reduc'd 'em in ſpite of their Teeths to give Praiſes inſtead of Abuſes, which were familiar to them, and only to divert the Readers. But as M. *de Montauzier* was a Man of great Piety and Goodneſs, he confeſs'd that his Morning Anger went off after his Prayers. Another Duke, illuſtrious for the Delicacy of his Wit, and the Agreeableneſs of his Verſes, who did not ſide with the malignant Satyre of M. *Deſpreaux*, thought fit to uſe the ſame Means to correct him. He even told the Public, in a very elegant Epigram, that our Man had already taſted of that Correction, and was amended by it. He at leaſt ſeems to have apprehended it when he ſays, in the Beginning of the Seventh Satyre, that the Trade of ſatyrizing, which he practis'd, is often

fatal to its Professor, brings him to Shame, and gets him nothing but Repentance. After M. *Huet* had read his Letter in that good Company, which M. *de Montauzier* had assembl'd at his House to hear it; the same M. *de Montauzier* confess'd, with his usual Candour, that he before enclined to *Longinus*'s Opinion, but that the Reasons he had then heard had entirely disabused him. And those Persons who pretend to be secret Witnesses, and intimate Confidents of all his Words and Thoughts, will meet with no great Credit, when 'tis known that long before the Letter was read, and before the Difference between M. *Huet* and M. *Despreaux* arose, the Question concerning that Passage of *Longinus*, being one Day propos'd at Table before many very understanding Persons, every body was of M. *Huet*'s Opinion; except one sole Man, who was notorious for loving to distinguish himself by singular and whimsical Notions.

The Editors of M. *Despreaux*'s Works say in their Advertisement, that it was a great while before he determin'd to answer M. *Huet*'s Letter, publish'd in *Holland*, by M. *Le Clerc*. If this be so, M. *Despreaux* was mightily alter'd; to become so slow in his own Defence; he who shew'd himself so ready to attack him in the Preface to his Works; and to become so circumspect in a Reply, he who in all the Editions of his Works, which were printed every Year, (for People love Slander) never forgot to renew the injurious Remark which he aim'd at M. *Huet*; who, during all that time, had so much Moderation as to abstain from making his Defence public. Yet we must inform this petty Club, Protector of Satyre, that when they advance that M. *Despreaux* was a great while a determining whether or no he shou'd answer M. *Huet*, they flatly contradict him; for he declares in his Tenth Reflection,

on, that when he had inſulted M. *Huet*, by his Preface, in a manner which he owns to be not very Gentleman-like, he expected a very ſharp Reply, and that he prepared himſelf to anſwer it. There you ſee him ready to anſwer a Writing which he knew he deſerv'd, which he had not yet ſeen, and which was not yet writ; and here he is very ſlow and undetermin'd to anſwer that Writing, after it had been ſeen by all the Men of Letters of the Court. How could M. *Deſpreaux* be unacquainted with ſo public a thing, which M. *Huet* himſelf mention'd expreſly in a full Academy, in the Preſence of his moſt particular Friends? How could he ſay that M. *Huet* was ſilent after the Uſage he had given him?

The Agents of the Satyriſt ſay in their Advertiſement, that M. *Huet* was inform'd of all the Particulars of what paſs'd at M. *Deſpreaux*'s, when he ſaw the Letter printed at *Amſterdam*, by M. *Le Clerc*. M. *Huet* denies it. He was indeed inform'd by M. *l'Abbe Boileau*, Brother to the Satyriſt, that in the new Edition of his Works, which he was preparing towards the End of his Life, he intended to anſwer M. *Huet* in ſuch a manner, that he ſhou'd have no Cauſe to complain. This M. *Huet* knew; but that Perſons diſtinguiſh'd for their Dignity and Zeal for Religion, amongſt whom perhaps the Approvers of Satyre are reckon'd, ſhou'd adviſe him to reply; this M. *Huet* knew nothing of, neither does he believe it; for he can't eaſily perſwade himſelf that Perſons, zealous for Religion, ſhould employ their Zeal and Care to favour the Defence of a new Publication of ſevere Calumnies, which every Man that has any Conſcience, and thinks himſelf obliged to practiſe Chriſtian Charity, ought rather to wiſh ſuppreſs'd. The famous Doctor, who for ſo many Years endeavour'd to ſignalize himſelf by the

Auſterity of his Doctrine, and by ſo many controverſial Writings, declared himſelf in his Old Age the Defender of Satyre, by a long Apology, which may be ſeen in that new Edition of M. *Deſpreaux*'s Works. By this he ſhews, that, at leaſt in this Caſe, he was no very great Enemy to looſe Morality. But 'tis no Wonder. What did he not think himſelf obliged to do, to acquit himſelf of his Obligation to a Man, who had ſo highly taken his part, when he was run down? He undoubtedly was perſwaded, that he ought in Gratitude, at leaſt to abate ſomething of the Severity of his Maxims, and excuſe the Injuſtice of the Satyrical Poet, his Friend, and the invenom'd Strokes of his Slander, by maintaining that at moſt they do but ſlightly offend Charity.

The Patrons of Satyre wou'd fain make M. *L'Abbe de Tilladet* be thought a Liar, when he ſaid in his Preface to his Collection of Diſſertations, that he publiſh'd 'em without the Permiſſion of thoſe to whom that Treaſure belong'd. That illuſtrious *Abbot* muſt juſtify himſelf from that calumnious Imputation, which is worthy the Defenders of Calumny. He undoubtedly will never own the Reproach they throw in his Diſh, of having attack'd the Memory of M. *Deſpreaux*, in publiſhing a Letter which was public before; which only treats of a Point of Criticiſm, and which was only written to defend M. *Huet* againſt M. *Deſpreaux*'s Inſults. If the Scrupuloſity of this petty Cabal is ſo great, that they think it ſuch a ſtrange thing, as they ſay they do, for M. *L' Abbe de Tilladet* to be ſo bold againſt the illuſtrious Name of M. *Deſpreaux*, without having receiv'd the leaſt Offence from him; it is ſtill more ſtrange that they ſhould approve the injurious Note, which M. *Deſpreaux* has ſo often publiſh'd againſt M. *Huet*, who never gave him the leaſt Cauſe of Com-

Complaint; and it is no leſs ſtrange, that they themſelves ſhould now publickly, and in cold Blood, attack M. *Huet*, who was ſo far from giving them the leaſt Offence, that he thought he had given them Cauſe to be his Friends.

They can't ſay that M. *Huet*'s Letter was not known till twenty Years after the Edition of M. *Deſpreaux*'s injurious Preface. After it had been publickly read at M. *de Montauzier*'s, in the Year 1683, and made known in the Academy; M. *Huet* was very ſollicitous to make it public, as was the Affront he had receiv'd. He ſaid, that according as M. *Deſpreaux* improv'd by his Correction, he'd act; and that if he kick'd againſt the Pricks, it ſhou'd be immediately publiſh'd. But M. *Deſpreaux* being ſo prudent as to be ſilent, M. *Huet* kept his Letter in his Pocket-Book, without giving another Copy of it, beſides that which he was obliged to give M. *de Montauzier*, to whom it was writ.

The Protectors of the Poet ſay, they can't imagine who could be the Laughers who did not ſide with M. *Deſpreaux* after the reading of M. *Huet*'s Letter, not finding them in the Liſt, which they are pleaſed to make, of the Beaux Eſprits then at Court. In this thoſe Gentlemen perſevere in their Boldneſs to advance Facts which they are unacquainted with, and which they were not call'd to, they being then unknown. Beſides, when it was ſaid that M. *Deſpreaux* had not the Laughers on his ſide, it was not ſaid with reſpect to the Subject, which was not at all ridiculous; but with reſpect to M. *Deſpreaux*, who in the greateſt part of his Works ſeems to have no other View than to make the Readers laugh, and who in his Youth had not any more agreeable Exerciſe than to divert the Lawyer's Clerks. In the Number of theſe Laughers, who did not ſide with the Satyrical Poet; (tho' the Authors of the Ad-

vertiſement ſay, with their ordinary Confidence, that there was not one) I ſhall name one, who is equal to a thouſand others, for the Beauty of his Mind, and the Delicacy of his Taſte. I mean M. *de Pelliſon*, without mentioning the reſt, who were at that reading, to the Number of nine or ten; not one of whom contradicted M. *Huet*'s Opinion, no, not even the *Abbot de St. Luc*; notwithſtanding what the new Editors of the Satyres, amongſt all the other apocryphal Facts which they ſo freely relate, ſay to the contrary. But tho' the Number of M. *Huet*'s Contradictors were as great, and even greater than they make it, without giving any Proof for what they ſay; is the Light of the Sun darken'd becauſe the Moles can't ſee it? To what purpoſe then was that vaſt Number of Perſons, whom they would fain liſt againſt M. *Huet*? That Body would appear but very weak, if we had a mind to oppoſe them all who have applauded M. *Huet*'s Cenſure upon that Paſſage of *Longinus*. They ought, however, if they have any Love for Truth, to leave out M. *de Meaux*, whom they plac'd at the Head; ſince when M. *Huet* ſhew'd him his *Evangelical Demonſtration* before it was printed, deſiring him to mark what he did not like, he made no Objection to the Paſſage of *Longinus*.

The petty Satyrical Squadron, fruitful in Fictions, endeavours to fortify its Party, with the Name of the great Prince of *Conde*, and with thoſe of the Princes of *Conti*, his Nephews. That Prince had indeed read the *Evangelical Demonſtration* with a great deal of Earneſtneſs, as he told the Author; even ſhewing him the Places which he could wiſh to be touch'd over again in the ſecond Edition, without ſaying any thing of the Paſſage of *Longinus*. As for Meſſieurs the Princes of *Conti*, who then were ſcarce out of their Infancy, 'tis plain that the Satyrical Cabal

Cabal tries to honour the Party of its Hero by great Names, and to dazzle the Eyes of the Public by the Luſtre of an high Birth; without examining whether or no it be ſuſtain'd by the Maturity of Age, which the Diſcuſſion of ſuch things requires. Even when thoſe Princes were more advanc'd in Years, they were ſo far from having the Capacity it requires, that M. the Prince of *Conde*, their Uncle, took care to let no body come near them, and be familiar with them, but Perſons that were wiſe, not Suſpicious, and ſuch as were incapable to corrupt thoſe young Minds by their dangerous Doctrine.

As for M. *le Clerc*, I can't tell how he'll take the contemptuous Air with which he is us'd by M. *Deſpreaux* and his petty Cohort, and the foul Aſperſions they have thrown on him. If *Janſeniſm* were all he had to reſent, it would be nothing in compariſon of *Socinianiſm*, which they accuſe him of. But his Merit will eaſily eclipſe theirs, and he has, beſides, Arms to defend himſelf with againſt the Eſpouſers of Satyre; who, after the Example of their Dictator, ſo freely ſpit the Venom of their Calumny at him.

The Concluſion of the Advertiſement, which tells us the Judgment which M. *Deſpreaux* made of the Uſefulneſs of Romances, contrary to what M. *Huet* writ of them, is entirely foreign to the Queſtion in hand; and only ſerves to ſhew with what a Spirit that Society is animated, when they ſo induſtriouſly pick up whatever they think may make M. *Huet* repent, that he did not, like them, offer up his Incenſe to their Idol. But tho' M. *Deſpreaux* did hold ſome Rank, as they ſay he did, amongſt the Poets, does that entitle him to the ſame Rank amongſt the Caſuiſts? Do they hope, in Matters of Conſcience, to make us receive the Authority of a Man, who, in the whole Courſe of his Life, made it his ſole Buſineſs to exerciſe a black malignant Ca-

lumny, and to decry the Reputation of his Neighbour; without ſparing either Virtue or Merit, or even the Eccleſiaſtics, for whom he would fain appear to have ſome Reſpect; tho' in the firſt Copies that he ſpread of his *Lutrin*, he brought in openly and by Name, a good Biſhop, who long exercis'd with Honour a conſiderable Prelacy, in the midſt of *Paris*; one that was more to be reſpected for the Integrity of his Manners, than for his Dignity? This is the great Caſuiſt, to whoſe Tribunal the Satyrical Cabal would fain ſubject Men of Letters and Works of Wit. Would they likewiſe cry up the Cenſure he ſo often pronounced againſt Operas; endeavouring to make us believe that he only condemn'd them out of Niceneſs of Conſcience; and not becauſe, having attempted to ſucceed in them, he found himſelf infinitely beneath a Man whom he undertook to ridicule, and to ruin his Reputation, when he could not come up to him for Genius?

But before I finiſh this Anſwer, I think my ſelf obliged to be ſo kind to the blind Adorers of M. *Deſpreaux*, as to recover them from the falſe Ideas they have conceiv'd of his Merit; to the End, that ſeeing him reduc'd to his juſt Value, they may give over crying him up as they do, and may deliver themſelves from a Prepoſſeſſion, which is not maintainable with thoſe who have a true Taſte for good Poetry, and who, by a long Uſe of the Poets, both antient and modern, know how to diſtinguiſh the Poet from the Verſifier, and the Inventor from the Imitator, whom *Horace* calls, *a Beaſt born to Slavery*. To this end we muſt ſhew them the Rule of that ſame *Horace*, whom M. *Deſpreaux* choſe for his Model;

Neque

Neque ſi quis ſcribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc eſſe Poetam.
Ingenium cui ſit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

'Tis they that are to examine, whether they find in M. *Deſpreaux*, that divine Genius, that ſublime Spirit, and ſuch fine and noble Things proceeding from his Mouth. There is nothing of all this in him; on the contrary, a gloomy, ſower Spirit, joking in a chagrin, dry Manner; tireſome for his impertinent Repetitions; Ideas that are mean and vulgar, almoſt all drawn from within the Bounds of the Inns of Court; a lumpiſh Life, no Mirth, no Flowers, no Lights, no Charms, except ſuch as the Malignity of Men makes them perceive in Slander; a black, envious, abuſive, miſantrope Humour, incapable of praiſing, as he himſelf acknowleges. *Eumolpus* in *Petronius*, requires another Condition in good Poets, which, I believe, M. *Deſpreaux* never reach'd to. *Neque concipere*, ſays he, *aut edere partum mens poteſt, niſi ingenti flumine literarum inundata.* Whatever Oſtentation of Learning he might affect, it will not impoſe upon Men of Underſtanding, who can ſoon perceive in his Writing a ſlight ſuperficial Erudition. One ought at leaſt to have expected from an Academician a correct Style, and that his is not. To conclude, if the vain Confidence and Preſumption of the Satyrical Agents won't let them know this Picture of him; it will at leaſt ſerve to ſhew their Stubbornneſs and ill Taſte.

REMARKS *upon* BOILEAU's *Tenth Reflection upon* LONGINUS.

By M. *LE CLERC.*

IT may be ſeen by the preceding Article, which I inſerted juſt as I receiv'd it, that all *Paris* does not ſpeak of M. *Deſpreaux*, like the late M. *Deſpreaux*, or like M. the *Abbot R*——, Author of the Advertiſement, which is prefix'd to the new Edition; tho' thoſe Gentlemen make a mighty Boaſt of the Number of their Approvers. People have generally too good a Taſte at *Paris*, to be of an Opinion ſo well refuted by M. *Huet*, and too much Equity to approve the Bitterneſs of both in a Diſpute of no Importance. Every body is not of that hot Party, which thinks it has a right to abuſe all that are not of its Opinion. 'Tis well known I am not of the Opinion of the *Janſeniſts*, but that does not hinder but I may have ſpoken of them with Praiſe, when I thought they deſerved it, and have ſhew'd Eſteem for ſome of their Works. I never approved the Uſage that was given them for their Opinion. On the contrary, I have ſhewn that I thought they ought to be tolerated; provided that they, on their ſide, uſed the ſame Mildneſs towards their Adverſaries.

This ought to have made M. the *Abbot R*——, whom I never hurt, more moderate towards me; and inſtead of adviſing the late M. *Deſpreaux* to uſe me

me ill, and doing it himſelf, he ought to have kept him from it, and to have ſpoke more civilly. Would he have me ſay that *Janſeniſm* is nothing but a Faction, and that it is to be ſuſpected, that amongſt thoſe who approve it, whatever Devotion they may pretend to, there are *Spinoſiſts* conceal'd, who try to introduce the Neceſſity of all things, as *Spinoſa* did? He would certainly exclaim againſt Calumny, and conſequently he ought not to uſe it in ſpeaking of me, as of a Man *whoſe Religion is decry'd.* I have no Religion but the Chriſtian, and if that is decry'd amongſt ſome *Janſeniſts*, I hope it never will by all.

It is about ten Years ſince I publiſh'd, in the third Article of the Tenth Tome of my *Bibliotheque Choiſie*, a Diſſertation of M. *Huet*'s, the late Biſhop of *Avranches*, touching the Paſſage of *Longinus*, where that Rhetorician maintains that there is a very great Sublimity in theſe Words of *Moſes*; *Let there be Light, and there was Light.* That Biſhop averr'd, in his *Evangelical Demonſtration*, that there was not the Sublimity *Longinus* thought to be in them. I back'd the Opinion of that learned Man by ſome Reaſons, which are there to be read, and which I thought proper to clear it up, and to confirm it. M. *Huet* and I agree with M. *Deſpreaux*: 1. That the thing in it ſelf is ſublime, becauſe it is concerning the Creation of Light by the ſole Will of God. 2. That the Expreſſion taken apart, may likewiſe paſs for Sublime, and that it would be ſo in an Oratorial Diſcourſe, in which the Author ſhould endeavour to ſhew the Power of God. All the Difference between M. *Deſpreaux* and us, was only whether thoſe Words are Sublime in that Paſſage of *Moſes* which they are in. He maintains that they are, and we ſay they are not; becauſe nothing can be more ſimple than the whole Nar-

Narration of *Moſes* in the Firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, tho' the thing it ſelf is very great. Therefore the Queſtion is, whether or no there is a Rhetorical Figure in it? The Difference is but of very little Conſequence.

M. *Huet* defended himſelf with very great Moderation, without letting ſlip one Word that might offend the Niceneſs of M. *Deſpreaux*, who had us'd him with a great deal of Haughtineſs, in his Preface to *Longinus*. Neither did I add any thing that he could well take amiſs, in the Remarks I join'd to M. *Huet*'s Diſſertation, which I concluded with theſe Words: *A Man may upon this Occaſion differ from M.* Deſpreaux, *without detracting from the Reputation he juſtly deſerves.* Being inform'd in 1710, that M. *Deſpreaux* had anſwer'd M. *Huet*, I ſaid in the 21ſt Volume of my *Bibliotheque*, *Part* 2. *Art.* 3. after having ſpoken of a new Edition of *Longinus*, that I ſhould be glad to ſee M. *Deſpreaux*'s Diſſertation, *who*, continued I, *in all Appearance has defended himſelf with a great deal of Wit and Politeneſs. This is one of thoſe Matters*, ſaid I, *wherein a Man may be of different Sentiments, without loſing the Eſteem, which Men of Note, as M.* Huet *and* Deſpreaux *are, ought to have for one another.* I further added, *that the latter ſeem'd to be of* Longinus's *Opinion, thro' Reſpect for the Holy Scripture.* This ſhews that our ſatyrical Poet had no Cauſe to complain of me, no more than of M. *Huet*; unleſs he takes it for an Offence if People are not of his Opinion, even in the moſt minute Things. I muſt confeſs I did not believe he was capable of being enrag'd againſt me, notwithſtanding all the Bitterneſs and Gall of a Mind turn'd to Satyre, only becauſe I publiſh'd his Adverſary's Diſſertation, and declar'd my ſelf of his Opinion. I much leſs imagin'd that there could be Perſons capable of the ſame Reſentment, even after his Death.

I ſee by his Tenth Reflection upon *Longinus*, and by the Advertiſement of M. *R*—— that I was deceived. But I had rather be deceived in thinking well of my Neighbour, tho' I am return'd evil for good, than make a bad Judgment of a Man, who did not deſerve it. As what I may now ſay can't hurt the late M. *Deſpreaux*, and ſince his Friends have, after his Death, publiſh'd a Piece againſt me, which they ought in juſtice to have ſuppreſs'd; no body can be offended at it, if I ſpeak my Thoughts with the ſame Freedom as he did his.

Firſt, 'tis ridiculous in him to direct himſelf to me, as if I was more in fault for contradicting him, than M. *Huet*, whoſe Letter was writ on purpoſe to confute him, and was much longer than my Additions. Our Gentleman was in ſuch a Paſſion with me, becauſe I thought M. *Huet*'s Diſſertation worthy to be publiſh'd, that he did not mind the Length of it, nor that of my Remarks. He ſays that 'tis in all, *five and twenty Pages*, meaning five and twenty Leaves, or fifty Pages; and he adds, that my Remarks are almoſt as long as the Letter it ſelf; whereas, inſtead of fifty Pages, there are but about fourteen. The Difference is ſomewhat great, but he believes that that falſe Calculation gives him the better Pretence to direct himſelf to me; and he had a greater Advantage over me than M. *Huet*, againſt whom he durſt not let fly all his Venom. Otherwiſe, if he had any Right to complain, becauſe his Sentiments were not agreed to, but refuted; he had much more cauſe to be angry with that learned Biſhop than with me, ſince he has done it much more directly, and more at large, not only in his *French* Letter, but likewiſe in the Third Edition of his *Evangelical Demonſtration*; wherein there is ſomething, I think, which was not in the firſt, which I have not by me at preſent to compare

pare with the third. See *Prop.* 4. *Chap.* 2. *p.* 55. The Caſe is plain, and (whatever Pretence he may uſe that he does not attack him) what he ſays to me ought to be look'd upon as if he ſaid it againſt M. *Huet*, to whom, in his Heart, he addreſſes all that genteel Diſcourſe.

I wonder that our Satyrical Poet ſhould imagine he has a right to continue, in all the Editions of his Poems for thoſe twenty Years, ſuch ſharp Language againſt that Prelate, and ſhould expect no body would defend an Opinion that is contrary to that of *Longinus* and his Tranſlator. If the Queſtion was concerning a Paſſage of a Poet, or a Greek Orator, a Man might have thought himſelf obliged to have more Reſpect for the Judgment of that Rhetorician, becauſe he might be a more competent Judge of it, than us.

But 'tis abſurd, to think that a Pagan Rhetorician, who never read the Holy Scripture, and who underſtood neither *Hebrew*, nor the Style of the ſacred Books, ſhould have more right to determine what Mankind ought to think of a Paſſage of *Moſes*, than M. *Huet*, who has made the Holy Scripture in its Original his chief Study, and who has beſides, all the Qualifications that are neceſſary to acquit himſelf well of it. I don't mention my ſelf, tho' I have employ'd the greateſt part of my Life in the ſame Study, nor has the Public given an ill Reception to what I have produc'd upon the Old Teſtament. But I believe it would be look'd upon as a ridiculous and an affected Modeſty in me, if I ſhould refrain from ſpeaking my Opinion freely, upon a Paſſage of Holy Scripture, purely becauſe it is contrary to that of *Longinus*, or of any other Pagan Author.

Again, if the Buſineſs were about a Paſſage of a *French* Poet, we might perhaps have ſome Deference for the Opinion of M. *Deſpreaux*, who has made

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French Poetry his whole Study; and neither M. *Huet* nor I ever apply'd our ſelves to it. Our Poet then, perhaps, with ſome Appearance of Reaſon, might have taken a Magiſterial Tone, and have decided more boldly than us: but 'tis an intolerable Preſumption in a Man, who had but little or no reading of the Holy Scripture, and who underſtood no more of *Hebrew* than *Longinus* did, in compariſon of M. *Huet*, whoſe Learning was never doubted. I hardly believe he cou'd imagine himſelf as well skill'd in the *belles Lettres*, as that learned Biſhop; at leaſt if he did, he would have been the only one of that Opinion, amongſt thoſe who had read the Works of both of them. Therefore our Poet ought in Decency and Equity, to have ſpoken of him with more Reſpect than he has done. Nay, he had better have entirely held his Peace, ſince M. *Huet* neither nam'd any body, nor ſaid any thing that could offend him. 'Tis now too late, after ſo many Years Affront, to ſay, *that M.* Huet *is a great Prelate, whoſe Dignity, as a Chriſtian, he very much reveres, and whoſe Merit and great Knowledge, as a Man of Letters, he extremely honours.* This is but a ſcurvy Compliment, and is ſomething like that he made M. *Perault*, after his Reconciliation with him. He ſhould at leaſt, ſince he could not be ſilent, have anſwer'd M. *Huet*'s Diſſertation civilly; for in ſhort, notwithſtanding what our Poet accuſtom'd to Fictions, may ſay, it is him, and not me that he attacks. To excuſe himſelf, he ſays, that *the two Diſſertations*, that of M. *Huet* and mine (for ſo he calls my Remarks) *are written with a great deal of Gall and Rancour*, which is not true, as any one that reads them may ſee. Neither is it more true, that I have *in a very imperious manner*, as he complains, *taken* Longinus *and him to task, and treated them both as a couple of Ignoramuſſes, for thinking that there was any Sublimity*

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in that Paſſage. There is no Expreſſion like it in all my Remarks, I never had the leaſt Thought of ſpeaking ill of M. *Deſpreaux.* I only back'd the Refutation which M. *Huet* made of his Sentiment, which may be falſe, as indeed it is, without any Occaſion for any body to ſay, that either *Longinus* or M. *Deſpreaux* were *Ignoramuſſes.* I could quote more than one Paſſage of my Works, wherein I have prais'd the latter. See the 1ſt. Some of *Parrhaſiana, p.* 7. and what I have lately ſaid of his Life, in the 24th Tome of this *Bibliotheque Choiſe, p.* 460. But he ſpeaks like a Man in Anger, that thinks himſelf affronted, tho' no body ever intended it; and who is ſo much the leſs Maſter of himſelf, in that he dares not be angry with thoſe who are the true Cauſe of his Diſturbance, and can make them no ſolid Reply.

'Tis making a Jeſt of Mankind, to call the Publication of M. *Huet*'s Letter, and the Liberty that is taken to be of the Opinion of ſo learned a Man, rather than of that of M. *Deſpreaux*, an Inſult. I had before ſaid, ever ſince the Year 1693, in my Commentary upon *Geneſis*, that I did not believe th ere wasany Sublimity in that Expreſſion of the Paſſage of *Moſes*, and I referr'd the Reader to the *Evangelical Demonſtration*, without M. *Deſpreaux*'s taking it for an Affront. He ought to remember that he, of all Men, has the leaſt Right to expect People ſhould forbear oppoſing his Sentiments, when it is done in a civil and modeſt Manner; ſince he, of all Men, has taken moſt Liberty in his Satyres, to cenſure thoſe he did not like. But thoſe who love to contradict others, ſeldom can bear to be contradicted themſelves; which is very unfair.

M. *Deſpreaux* thinks that the pronouncing theſe Words, *Let there be Light, and there was Light*, a little

little majeſtically, is enough to ſhew us the Sublimity of 'em. But this is not the thing. M. *Huet* and I have granted him, that theſe Words, taken apart, or inſerted in a Piece of Eloquence, may appear Sublime. The Queſtion is, whether they are ſo in the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, where *Moſes* only relates the Creation of the World, as ſimply and plainly as he can. See what I have already obſerv'd on this Subject.

I did not maintain, as our Poet ſays I did, that *if* Moſes *had uſed the Sublime at the Beginning of* Geneſis, *he had offended againſt all the Rules of Art.* M. *Huet* indeed ſays ſomething like it. There's nothing of it in my Remarks. So 'tis at him alone that the Cenſure of the Satyriſt is levell'd; and tho' it wou'd be eaſy to anſwer him, I ſhan't take the Pains to do it.

What need he tell us that a Man may ſay ſublime Things in a ſimple Style? No body deny'd it; ſince M. *Huet* explain'd it at length, in ſpeaking of the Sublime of Things. We never deny'd the Sublime of the Idea, but we ſaid that there's nothing Sublime in the Turn, nor in the Words of this Paſſage of *Moſes*; and I think we have proved it. Thus he here fights againſt his own Shadow, thinking he levels his Blows at his Adverſaries. We own that great Things may be ſaid in ſimple Terms, and we acknowledge that *Moſes* has done it; but the Queſtion is, whether *Moſes* intended to expreſs the Creation of the Light in a ſublime Manner, when he ſpeaks as he does; and we ſay no, ſince all the reſt of the Diſcourſe is turn'd in the leaſt ſublime manner in the World, as is all the reſt of *Moſes*'s Narration. Let any Man but read ſome few of that Prophet's Chapters ſedately, and he'll be convinc'd of it. 'Tis therefore to no purpoſe to ſearch for Examples of ſublime Things being expreſs'd in ſimple Terms.

M. *Deſpreaux* afterwards asks M. *Huet*, for 'tis his Words that he cenſures, and not mine, *whether 'tis poſſible that with all his Knowledge, he is yet to learn what the leaſt Tyro in Rhetoric is not ignorant of*, viz. *in order to judge rightly, of what is beautiful, ſublime, marvelous, we are not only to look upon the thing ſaid, but the Perſon that ſays it, the Manner it is ſaid in, and the Occaſion upon which it is ſaid?* This Queſtion is ridiculous, becauſe M. *Huet* obſerved almoſt all this in his Letter, and becauſe I have refuted the popular Prejudice drawn from the Perſon ſpeaking. The reſt of M. *Deſpreaux*'s Declamation don't require an Anſwer; we need only beg the Reader who underſtands *Hebrew*, or who is never ſo little skill'd in the Style of the Holy Scripture, and who knows what the Rhetoricians call the Sublime, to read the two or three firſt Chapters of *Geneſis* over again, and tell us truly if they ſee the Sublime Style in it. To judge rightly of this, a Man ought to have read the Holy Scripture carefully in the Original, and to have conſider'd it, as People do all Authors whom they have a mind to underſtand thorowly; and not, as our Poet ſeems to have done, caſt his Eyes on't only now and then, or ſlightly.

M. *Huet* had aſſured us, *that any Man who can but relate any thing that's Great, juſt as it is, without Diminution or Addition, however unpolite or ignorant he may be in other Reſpects, may with Juſtice be reckon'd truly Sublime in his Diſcourſe, but not that Sublime which* Longinus *teaches.* Our Satyrical Poet pretends he does not know what he means by *Longinus*'s Sublime; tho' his Adverſary explains it afterwards very plainly, to be a Sublime which depends upon Art, and which is labour'd by him that uſes it. Such is the Sublime of the *Canticles*, but there is none ſuch in *Geneſis*, nor in the Narration of the Hiſtorical Books. He likewiſe pretends to think that

that M. *Huet* means, *that great things, in order to be uſed in a Diſcourſe, have no need of any Genius or Skill*, which is not true with relation to a whole Diſcourſe, eſpecially if it be ſomewhat long; but which is very true, with relation to a Period or two, wherein the Grandeur of the Thing is maintain'd by noble Expreſſions, tho' he who ſpeaks does not labour for 'em.

Our declaiming Poet continues to ſhew, that an ignorant Man cannot make a Diſcourſe with a Sublimity maintain'd and handled with Art; which no body denies. He afterwards pretends that *the Spirit of God put into* Moſes's *Work, without that Prophet's ever thinking of it, all the great Figures of the Oratorial Art, with ſo much the more Art, as that a Man does not perceive there is any Art in it.* One wou'd think he ſpoke of *Moſes* by hear-ſay, and on the Credit of ſome Preacher, or ſome ſuch Author, without having ever read him. The Spirit of God uſed no Art in it, neither ſenſible nor conceal'd; but only Plainneſs and Simplicity, which ought to go along with the Truth, when the Buſineſs is concerning ſerious and important Truths. 'Tis by Things, and not by Words, and the Artifice of Diction, that he intended to gain Mens Minds. What comes next is nothing but Repetitions of his Opinion, which M. *Huet* has very well refuted. After all, that learned Man agreeing, as well as I, with M. *Deſpreaux* as to the Sublimity of the Thing, it wou'd be ridiculous to hold a Controverſy upon the Diviſion he makes of four ſorts of Sublimes, and eſpecially on that of the *Thought*; whereby one wou'd think he meant a Thought that was labour'd for, and which does not offer it ſelf naturally to the Mind. In effect, neither the Spirit of God, nor *Moſes*, ever intended to ſpeak here, like a Rhetorician, that ſought the nobleſt Manner to expreſs the Creation, but only

ſimply to let us know, according to the Cuſtom of the *Hebrews*, as I have proved by Examples in my Commentary, that God created all things by his Will; for *to will* and *to ſay* are often the ſame in the *Hebrew*. If *Moſes* had ſaid: GOD WILL'D THAT THERE SHOU'D BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT, the Sublimity of the Thing wou'd have made theſe Words appear Sublime; tho' he, who us'd 'em, did not mean to ſpeak in a ſublime manner, and it wou'd have been more clear to have ſaid, GOD SAID, *&c.*

M. *Deſpreaux* afterwards rails at me perſonally, in a very groſs Manner, according to his Cuſtom, becauſe I ſpoke of the vain Endeavours Men uſe to ſpeak of God, in a ſublime Manner; becauſe after all, we are at a loſs how to do it. Yet he agrees to the Truth of what I ſay, and notwithſtanding that, he maintains that the Expreſſions of Men are Sublime according to the Capacity of Mankind. I don't deny it, but I ſay that Men ought to remember it, and not cry up the Beauty of Expreſſions, and ſay with *Longinus*, who had but a ſorry Idea of God, *that Men expreſs the Grandeur and Power of God in all its Dignity*. What I ſaid thereupon (not pleaſing the Taſte of a poetical Imagination, which generally minds nothing but Words, and don't penetrate Things) ſeem'd *Verboſity* to our Poet. I'm not at all amazed at it; he muſt have more Philoſophy and Divinity than he has, to reliſh it. I appeal to thoſe who have ſtudy'd thoſe Sciences. Afterwards he addreſſes himſelf to me in an odious Manner, and to M. *Huet* too; for our Poet did not think me worthy to feel the Venom of his Satyrical Pen, only as I ſupported the Sentiment of that wiſe Man. The Buſineſs here is not concerning the Opinions which diſtinguiſh the Proteſtants from the Church of *Rome*, or of a Thought that's particular

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to me; but 'tis of a Point in Criticiſm, wherein any body may be of what ſide he will, without offending any of the different Societies of Chriſtians. The Thing, at the Bottom, is of very little Conſequence, and ought to be handled mildly, but that's a Vertue little known amongſt Satyriſts, and our Author can't help being ſplenatick, even in the Compliments he endeavours to make to thoſe, with whom he has a Mind to ſeem reconcil'd; as we may ſee by his Letter to M. *Perrault*; ſo true is the ſaying of a certain Poet, whom M. *Deſpreaux* very much eſteems:

Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen uſque recurret.

Theſe are his Words: *Take my Advice, Sir, open your Eyes, don't obſtinately perſiſt in defending againſt* Moſes, *againſt* Longinus, *and againſt the whole Earth, ſo odious a Cauſe as yours is, and which cannot be maintain'd but by Equivocations and falſe Subtleties.* This, at the Bottom, is as much aim'd at M. *Huet* as at me. That venerable old Man, whoſe Learning and Probity are known to the whole World, without mentioning the Dignity of Biſhop, ſurely deſerv'd a milder Treatment. The Buſineſs, as I have already ſaid, is concerning a Point of very little Conſequence, and wherein one may err, without any harm done to Conſcience. 'Tis of a Point in Criticiſm, which cou'd not be thorowly underſtood by our Poet, who was not capable to read the Original, which M. *Huet* underſtands to the Bottom; and conſequently 'twas an inexcuſable Piece of Boldneſs in our Satyriſt, to pretend to judge of it better than him, and eſpecially to cenſure him with ſo much Bitterneſs. This he ought to have retracted on his Death-bed. 'Tis making a Jeſt of the Reader, to ſay that M. *Huet*, or I, maintain'd any thing

thing againſt *Moſes*, for whom we have ſhewn a thouſand times more Reſpect than our Poet; in our maintaining the Truth and Authenticity of his Books; he in his *Evangelical Demonſtration*, and I in the third Diſſertation which I prefix'd to the *Pentateuch*. If I added the Commentary, which I have publiſh'd upon his Books, the Wiſdom and Excellence whereof I have ſhewn; no body wou'd doubt of the infinite Eſteem I have for him. There's no need of ſearching in his Style for Rhetorical Figures, which it has not. On the contrary, that wou'd be expoſing him to the Raillery of Libertines, without intending it; becauſe they might eaſily perceive, that 'twas ſpoken out of a blind Zeal, which only belongs to falſe Religions; wherein Men employ weak Arguments, to make that be reſpected, which does not deſerve it. *Moſes* is ſo very deſerving of our Admiration, by the things he utters, that we need not lend him a Style in his Narrations which he has not, which he uſes only in the Oratorial Paſſages, or in the *Canticles* which are amongſt his Works. *The whole Earth*, which he oppoſes to us, is a ſmall Party of Men, who underſtand *Hebrew* no better than our Satyriſt, and who have no more Knowledge of the *Pentateuch*. There is nothing *odious* in ſaying that a Thing is Sublime, tho' the Expreſſion is not, and in maintaining that the ſacred Author did not intend to ſpeak in a ſublime manner. Neither M. *Deſpreaux*, nor any one elſe, can prove that that was *Moſes*'s Deſign; and ſuppoſing that it was not, as it appears throughout the Book, it is not ſpeaking *againſt him*, when we maintain that he did not ſtudy for ſublime Expreſſion in the Paſſage in hand. There is no *Equivocation* in it; M. *Huet* explain'd himſelf very intelligibly: Neither do I believe there was any in what I ſaid. But there is certainly an Equivocation, if not ſomething worſe,

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in what M. *Deſpreaux* ſays in the Advertiſement of this Edition of his Works, that *he did not write the Satire upon Equivocation againſt the Jeſuits.* Every body, and eſpecially his beſt Friends, to whom he often repeated Parts of it, know to the contrary. Sincerity requir'd him, if he durſt not confeſs the Truth, to hold his Peace; that he might not encreaſe the Number of thoſe who uſe Equivocations, and ſo condemn himſelf.

Read, ſays he, *the Holy Scripture with leſs Confidence in your own Underſtanding.* To whoſe Underſtanding, then, muſt I ſubmit my ſelf? To that of a Pagan Rhetorician, who never read *Moſes*, and who took him for an Impoſtor? To that of a Satyriſt, who underſtands the Original of *Moſes*, no more than that of the *Alcoran*, and who, in all Appearance, has read him no more? I believe no body will doubt but that I have read him with Application, and that I may underſtand ſomething of him, ſince I have tranſlated and commented upon him. 'Twou'd therefore be a great Piece of Folly in me to lay aſide a clear Underſtanding, to follow the Conjectures of *Longinus* and M. *Deſpreaux*. *Diveſt your ſelf*, ſays he, *of that Calvinical and Socinian Haughtineſs, which makes you believe that your Honour is concern'd in preventing the World from too haſtily admiring the Beginning of a Book, whoſe every Word and Syllable, you your ſelf are forced to confeſs, ought to be ador'd; and which not only cannot be enough admir'd, but which cannot be too much admir'd.* I am neither *Calviniſt* nor *Socinian*; but neither the one nor the other think it a Point of Honour to hinder *Moſes* from being admir'd. 'Tis true, they don't uſe ill Artifices to find a Rhetorical Figure in him, which is not in him. They with Reaſon apply themſelves more to Things, than Words, and they eſpecially endeavour, as I do too, to follow his Precepts exactly, when they agree

agree with those of the Gospel. 'Twill not be for saying that he admires the Sublimity of a Prophet, whom he has never read, at least not in the Original, and perhaps not even in a Translation; but for following his Doctrine, that a Man will be judged to have respected him. M. *Despreaux* shou'd not twit the Protestants with respecting *Moses* less than him. He knows the Disputes they have with the Church of *Rome*, on the First and Second Commandment of the Decalogue, touching the Worship of that which is not God, and concerning Images. I likewise know the Church of *Rome*'s Opinion in that Case, but don't attribute the same Excess to all that are in it. But 'tis certain that the Protestants observe those Commandments, much more according to the Letter than the Roman Catholicks. 'Tis to this Letter that we are to stick, and not to pretended Figures of Rhetoric, which signify nothing to Religion. Add to all this, that we have nothing here to do either with Socinianism, or Calvinism, and that M. *Huet*, without having the *Pride*, which that Satyrical Author attributes to him, was the first that maintain'd the Opinion, which M. *Despreaux* so haughtily hits me in the Teeth with.

He shou'd likewise have remember'd another Controversy, which is between the Church of *Rome* and us, concerning the Style of the Scripture; if he had done that, he'd soon have comprehended that it was not proper to talk of the Admiration he pretends to have for the sacred Books in this Case. M. *Nicole*, who was one of his Heroes, would have told him, that he look'd upon that Style, as a Style so obscure, that it is impossible to know what the sacred Writers thought of the most essential Articles of Faith, without the Explication of the Church. If this be true, the Style of the Scripture would not at all deserve our Admiration; for the greatest

greateſt Fault of a Style is Obſcurity, eſpecially when 'tis ſo great, that a Man can't underſtand a Book, let him ſtudy it as much as he pleaſes, and read it as attentively as he can, not even in its principal Points. But this is not a Place to carry this Argument any further in, and I am perſwaded that the devout Air, which our Satyrical Poet aſſumes here ſo unſeaſonably, upon this Subject, proceeded only from an Intention to do Miſchief, and not from an Opinion he had form'd to himſelf by the reading of the Holy Scripture.

He at laſt anſwers the Objection which M. *Huet* had made, to ſhew that *Longinus* never read the Words, he quotes, in *Moſes* himſelf, becauſe he ſets 'em down otherwiſe than they are. I think M. *Deſpreaux*'s Reply is not ſatisfactory, and I am perſwaded that a Pagan Rhetorician, that had read ſome few Chapters in the Verſion of the Septuagint, would not have thought 'em Sublime; nor even, as I ſaid before, in the Original, if he were capable of underſtanding it. M. *Deſpreaux* would perhaps have acknowledg'd it, if he were not over-fond of the Author he has publiſh'd, as Editors generally are.

I believe nevertheleſs, that beſides the Inclination our Satyriſt had to defend *Longinus*, whom he had taken under Protection, there were Perſons *zealous*, not for *Religion*, as the Author of the Advertiſement would fain make us believe, but for a Party very much decry'd by the whole Church of *Rome*, who have heated the Imagination of a Man eaſily enflam'd: M. *Huet* was never of that Party, nor has he ſpoke, any more than my ſelf, of M. *de Sacy*, as of an Interpreter, very exact, and very much verſed in Criticiſm. This was enough to put thoſe Men in a Paſſion with us. But the Verſions of the Vulgate, and the Remarks of M. *de Sacy*, are in every bodies Hands, and thoſe that can, may judge

of 'em. I wou'd in no wiſe hinder any one from edifying by his godly Remarks, eſpecially if 'twill make 'em more charitable to their Neighbour; but if any body takes him for a good Interpreter, I muſt confeſs I can't help thinking, that that Man has no Taſte for ſuch things. Farther, the great Devotion that is affected, is but a meer Spirit of Party; true Devotion is inſeparable from Juſtice, Charity and Moderation. All the Harm I wiſh to thoſe who have not theſe Virtues, is to pray God to enlighten 'em, and to turn their Hearts.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

FINIS.

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